

PRO FOOTBALL ISSUE

ONE DOLLAR

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 22, 1976

BIG, BAD AND THE BEST

The Steelers' Mean Joe Greene

**Dan Jenkins
Dissects the Game**

**Scouting Reports:
Look Out for
Oakland and L.A.**

**Centers: The Men in
the Middle of the Pit**



1976 Capri II. More exciting than the original. At a surprisingly low price.



Settle in behind the wheel. And live a little. The new sexy European is everything the original was. And more.

New wider rear track for sure-footed handling. New optional power steering for easier handling. A new gas-conscious overhead cam 2.3 litre engine that rated a standard 4-speed Capri II 27 mpg. in the EPA highway dynamometer test and 18 mpg. in the city test. There's also an optional V-6 available (28 mpg. EPA highway test, 18 mpg. city with 4-speed manual).

Capri II's standard equipment: just about everything you'll need...or want. Rack and pinion steering. Full instrumentation, including tach. Power front disc brakes. Reclining front buckets. A third door and fold-down rear seat for extra luggage space. Steel belted radials. The list goes on...and on.

Less expensive than these '75 imports.

- \$125 less than Toyota Celica GT.
- \$576 less than Audi Fox.
- \$825 less than VW Scirocco.
- \$2,160 less than Datsun 280Z.

Based on comparison of base sticker prices, excluding taxes, title, destination charges and dealer prep., which may affect comparisons in some areas.

1976 Capri II. Sexier than ever. Yet priced to put you into a lifestyle you thought you couldn't afford.

CAPRI II

IMPORTED FOR LINCOLN-MERCURY





Help your life insurance agent do a better job for you.

Know enough to ask the right questions.

At The Bankers Life of Des Moines, we believe a good life insurance agent can do a better job for someone who knows what he's buying. So we've put together two booklets that will give you a basic understanding of life insurance.

One talks about the different kinds of policies and their features without trying to influence your choice in any way. The other shows you how to

compare companies and their costs. Neither book quotes you prices—ours or anyone else's—but they will help you become better prepared to discuss life insurance with your agent. And, later, to judge the merits of the policy he recommends for your family's protection.

The coupon brings you both copies free by mail. Unless you ask, no one will call. Because we figure the more you know, the more likely you are to call us.

THE BANKERS LIFE

BANKERS LIFE COMPANY DES MOINES IOWA 50397

Individual and group life, health and disability programs. Pension and profit sharing investment plans. A subsidiary, BLC Equity Services Corporation offers mutual funds and variable annuities through registered representatives.



The Bankers Life, Consumer Services
Des Moines, Iowa 50397

L 95

Please mail me copies of your booklets on how
to be an informed life insurance buyer.

Name

Address

City

State Zip



A day in the life of a tobacco tester.

Right off we should dispel the notion that a tobacco tester is some sort of human smoking machine who spends his working day puffing pipefuls of tobacco in solitary confinement.

The fact is a tobacco tester is very human except that he has extraordinarily gifted senses. And he works at his specialty but two hours a day. Any longer than that would send his taste buds heater-skelter and render his sense of smell senseless.

THE RITUAL BEGINS.

Before he even smokes the tobacco, he sniffs it. Coddles it. Ogles it. And lets all his senses wallow in it. Only then does he light up and draw his first puff.

He contemplates the flavor for a few moments. Then he draws again. He repeats the process till his senses have formed an opinion. Then he commits it to paper. After which, if he so desires, he may pour himself a glass of milk.



WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A TOBACCO TESTER.

Unless a man is born to the craft he cannot be trained to be a tobacco tester. He not only must have a natural nose for tobacco, but he must possess an innate taste for it. And an abiding love for it. He has what can best be described as perfect pitch.

And then we train him. He's taught what to look for in the various leaves we purchase from 'round the world. And the characteristics of the four curing processes, i.e., Flue, Air, Sun and Fire.

When we finish our training our gifted man can detect when a blend is baritone where it should be tenor. When the Burley comes from the States and when it comes from Mexico. And just about how long a tobacco was aged.

A tobacco tester's day begins in a cheery, convivial atmosphere. (At least that is the working environment he enjoys at Douwe Egberts, in Joure, Holland, where he tests Amphora pipe tobacco.) He sits at a table in a large, airy room facing five other testers on our Smoking Panel. In the center of the table are 50 or 60 little baskets of pipe tobacco. Some of them hold ours. Some of them hold competitive tobaccos.



HOW MANY TIMES DO OUR TESTERS TEST AMPHORA?

Actually three times before it finds its way into your pipe. The first testing takes place when the raw leaves arrive at our facilities in Joure. Each barrel is opened and the contents are sampled. And even in this natural stage the leaves are tested to be sure they meet our standards. Later, after the blend is aged via our slow Cavendish process, we test for flavor, aroma and mildness.

And for good measure we test a last time after

Amphora is in the pouch. Our testers have so much clout they can single-handedly reject a full day's production if they detect the slightest variation of our theme. That's how our testers keep our quality control under control.



WHO TESTS THE TESTERS?

To see if a tester's nose is really on its toes, we might slip in some strain of tobacco that is foreign to our blend. Or we might mis-identify certain tobaccos to see if our testers can identify them. Alone or in a blend. That way we can tell if they can tell who's who and which is which in pipe tobacco.

We don't do these things to purposely give our testers a hard time. And we don't do these things to play games. We do it because we believe it is part and parcel in producing the best pipe tobacco in the world. Amphora.



SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE

Our new brochure, "A Man and His Pipe," is packed full of information designed to increase your pipe smoking pleasure. If you would like a free copy, or if you have any specific questions on pipes and pipe tobacco, drop a note to the President, Douwe Egberts, Inc., Bldg. 6, 8943 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, Ca. 91311.

CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 22, 1975 Volume 43, No. 12

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

12 Buckeye Revenge

Bristling from last year's controversial upset, Ohio State whipped Michigan State

by Larry Keith

16 Get Lost, Cinderella

A silver-spooned Wayne won the Marlboro Cup, spicing a inches-to-rags tradition

by William Laggett

18 An Indy on a Wet Track

Boating's version of the 500 boosted a Pled Piper and a fancy rat pack

by Roger Vaughan

20 A Potshot Angers its Quarry

A CBS show on hunting stressed only the kill—and started a nationwide firestorm

Pro Football '75

Once it was a ball to be moved. Now Dan Jenkins finds muddle in the huddle

33 Mark Mulvoy hunkers down in the middle of the pit, where centers ply their trade

42 Scouting reports reveal the best are in the West, so watch those Raiders and Rams

56 Roy Blount Jr. takes on Mean Joe Greene—who does what he wants when he wants

66 This Coach Is First Class

The Chicago Track Club's Ted Haydon takes a backseat to no one as a friend

by Sarah Pileggi



The Departments

9 Scorecard

91 Baseball

74 College Football

107 For the Record

81 Motor Sports

108 18th Hole

84 Golf

Credits on page 107

Next Week

MANILA is primed for the thrills and Mark Kram sets the scene from the light side. In a biased prediction, Bundris tells why Ali will chop up Frazier like so much Philippine mahogany.

CINCINNATI has outgrown its rowdy history to become a mannerly city with a ball team that likes to break down fences. Frank Deford explores the town and its off-theirist dreams.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except on the day of the Super Bowl. Send all correspondence to: Sports Illustrated, P.O. Box 990, New York, N.Y. 10108. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under permit no. 604. Subscriptions: \$12.00 per year in advance. Single copies: \$2.50.

On Oct. 2 Chevrolet will introduce a new kind of American car.

- It will be international in design and heritage, incorporating engineering concepts proved around the world.
- Its gas mileage will be rated at 40 mpg highway, 28 mpg city. That's based on EPA test results (with standard 1.4-litre engine and 4-speed manual transmission). The mileage you get, of course, will be strongly influenced by how and where you drive.
- Its wheelbase will be about the same as a VW Rabbit's.
- It will have more head room than a Toyota Corolla, more leg room than a Datsun B-210.
- It will be basically a metric car. And, as you know, the metric system is on its way to becoming the standard American measurement.
- It will have one of the shortest turning circles in the world.
- It will be protected by 17 anti-corrosion methods.
- It will be able to carry cargo up to four feet wide.
- It will be the only American car of its kind.

In California, see your Chevrolet dealer Oct. 2 for EPA mileage figures and engine/transmission combinations available on California emission-equipped cars.



Chevrolet



Last year, Army ROTC awarded over one thousand college scholarships.

Four-year, full-tuition scholarships that can be worth over \$11,000.

As well as paying for all your tuition expenses, Army ROTC Scholarships also pay for books and lab fees. Plus you'll receive \$100 a month for up to ten months a year.

Your obligation to the Army is four years active duty, serving as an officer. With good pay, the chance to travel and the kind of executive leadership ex-

perience that can be a big help in any career, military or civilian.

If you're looking for a scholarship to get you through college, make sure you talk to your high school guidance counselor about Army ROTC Scholarships. And give yourself a better chance at getting a better scholarship.

Army ROTC. The more you look at it, the better it looks.




Army ROTC
P.O. Box 12703
Philadelphia, PA 19134
Tell me how I can get an
Army ROTC Scholarship

Ms. _____
Mr. _____
Address _____
City _____ County _____ Age _____
State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____
High School Attending _____
College Planning to Attend _____

Today's contact lenses. Where the action is.

In sports, everything begins with what you see.

But whatever your sport, eyeglasses seldom seem the answer. If you can wear contact lenses—and only a professional eye examination can tell for sure—they may be a more practical solution.

With newer designs and softer lens materials, today's contact lenses often weigh less than a teardrop. They're generally comfortable right from the start and seldom irritate, even after prolonged wearing. They improve vision without the bother of spectacles, and they give you a wider field of vision because they rest directly on the eye itself. Also, they're easy to care for, easy to place and remove.

Get the opinion of an eye professional. If they are right for you, then you'll be ready to make contact.

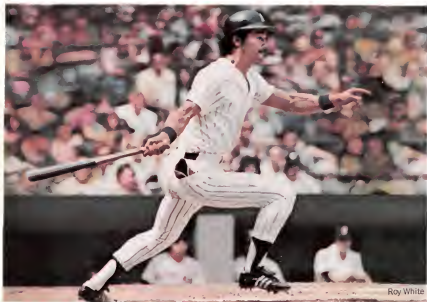
Should you consider contact lenses, your eye professional will decide if you can wear them on the basis of the health of your eyes, the vision correction you need, and the way you work and relax. For example, contact lenses should not be worn while sleeping, swimming, or in the presence of irritating vapors. Care should be taken to avoid exposing lenses to substances such as cosmetics, lotions, soaps, creams, or hair sprays. If contact lenses are prescribed for you, your eye professional will work closely with you to see that you receive their full benefit by providing easily followed instructions for lens wearing, cleaning, storage, and disinfecting.

Your eye professional is always ready to assist you with your vision needs

and answer any questions concerning contact lenses or eyeglasses. Consult him immediately if you ever encounter any abnormal eye condition such as irritation. Everyone should have a professional eye examination on a regular basis to protect the priceless miracle of sight.

Foresight... the best way to preserve eyesight.

BAUSCH & LOMB 
SOFTLEN'S DIVISION



*A registered trademark of Bausch & Lomb Incorporated for polyvac contact lenses made of 61.4% poly (2-hydroxyethyl methacrylate) and 38.6% water when immersed in sterile sodium chloride solution, U.S.P.

Have anything you want before dinner.

After dinner is reserved for Remy Martin.



Only after dinner can you devote the time and attention that Remy Martin cognac demands—and so richly repays. And no other cognac—no other drink—can so enhance your best hours.

Forget the compromises of the day.
After dinner is reserved for Remy Martin and you.

50-Proof Remy Martin Importers, Ltd. New York

Remy Martin
VSOP
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

The after dinner drink



Our major competition.

This is still the primary distribution system in much of the world today.

Donkeys. Horses. Oxen. And even head-laden, back-strapped humans taking their food and products to market.

We aren't ignoring the companies who compete with us in producing freight cars, transit cars, truck trailers and containers.

(There's burgeoning growth in the U.S. and Canada alone. Transportation requirements are expected to increase from today's 2.7 billion level to 5.7-billion ton-miles by the year 2000.)

Yet, there's an even greater marketplace and greater potential beyond.

With a world population growth of 65% expected over the next few decades, our skills, products, and services are needed as never before.



By choice or
circumstance, our
work involves
every major socio-
industrial priority
on the planet:
energy, steel,
food, environment,
transportation.
We strive to bring
to each job not
just technological
leadership, but a
kind of global

vision alert to
basic human
needs.

And a desire to
outdo the
competition
wherever it exists.

**Pullman
Incorporated**

200 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60604

Exchange Bank's behind you... even at a football game.



Get this Exchange Bank Stadium Seat Free! When you deposit \$250 in a new or existing Exchange Bank Savings Account.

Get your super Stadium Seat free! It's a strong, lightweight, easy to carry folding seat with a padded back. The chrome steel carrying handle and frame has a snap lock to clamp it firmly to a stadium bench or boat seat. It's really rugged. It has a 12" x 12" seat padded with 2" of foam. Imagine watching the football game...or sitting in a boat...on two inches of foam padding. Ahhh. It's blue with white trim. Now that's really sitting pretty. So fill out the form below and send it to us with your deposit. (Three weeks for delivery.) Better yet, why not bring your deposit to the bank so you'll have your Stadium Seat for the next game.



Stadium Seat Offer

SI

Yes, I want a FREE Exchange Bank Stadium Seat just for saving \$250 or more. Limit one per depositor.

☐ Please open a new 5% Regular Passbook Savings Account*, in the name(s) and address printed at the right. Enclosed is a check for \$_____ (\$250 minimum).

☐ Please add \$_____ (\$250 minimum) to my 5% Passbook Savings Account*. No

*Interest is compounded continuously.

Mr. _____ Mrs. _____ Ms. _____

Name(s) _____ (please print)

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Phone _____

Signature _____

Social Security Number of account owner _____

PLEASE MAIL OR BRING SAVINGS FORM AND DEPOSIT to "Stadium Seat Offer."



Exchange National Bank

Exchange National Bank of Chicago, LaSalle & Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60690

Deposits insured to \$40,000 by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Offer applies only to continental United States and expires October 17, 1975

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

RAD BOUNCE

Around the tennis circuit they're saying that when Martina Navratilova defected to the U.S., she asked the State Department, "Do you cache Czechs here?"

STRIKE, SORT OF

What did it all mean? The New England Patriots suddenly call a strike and refuse to play a preseason game with the New York Jets. The New York Giants call a half-hour work stoppage before an exhibition with the Miami Dolphins but are persuaded to call it off by an array of speakers, among them the coach and quarterback of the Dolphins. The St. Louis Cardinals vote 30-16 in favor of not playing, five votes short of a self-imposed 75% majority.

The Patriots said their strike—called a week before the regular season was scheduled to begin—was designed to shake up the leadership of the Players Association as much as it was to demonstrate discontent with the league—a bit of shock treatment designed to get contract negotiations moving forward again. Ed Garvey, executive director of the Players Association, was surprised by the Patriots' action; paradoxically, the New England club management, eyeing the meager advance sale for the game with the Jets, did not appear terribly upset.

What was going on? Were all these moves a subtle play by the Players Association? Was the New England thing a deliberately planned "wildcat strike" to show the league the players were boiling with rebellion and should be placated without delay? Would it set off a string of similar strikes around the league? Would it jar union and management into a settlement? Or would the Patriots' militant effort fizzle, as the Giants' had, with the players returning to the fold while the dreary deadlock continued?

YER OUT

It probably happened no more and no less than in previous years, but at the U.S. Open tennis championship at Forest

Hills it *seemed* that more players than ever were protesting decisions by officials. Tennis permits such protests, and the umpire, the chief official, can ask a linesman to "yield"—that is, let his decision be changed.

In a column decrying the complexity and permissiveness of tennis officiating, David Condon of the *Chicago Tribune* quoted Bill Riordan, the controversial counsellor of Jimmy Connors and the Nastase, two of the more volatile players around. Riordan, no friend of the Establishment, had surprisingly conservative views on the matter.

"I think an official's call should be final," Riordan said. "The worst thing that can be done is to encourage players to dispute decisions. Bill Klem, the old baseball umpire, used to say, 'They ain't nothin' till I call 'em,' but after Bill made the call, that was it. That's the way it should be in tennis."

Amen.

RIORDAN REDUX

Riordan had some other things to say about tennis—or, to be specific, about Connors. "I'm phasing myself out of the day-by-day routine with Jimmy," he told Bill Tanton of the *Baltimore Evening Sun*. "For one thing, I'm getting a little too old to travel all over the world with Jimmy, as I have the past few years. It's O.K. for him—he's just turned 23—but I'll soon be 56. I'm not disassociating from Connors; it's just that it's going to be better for me now."

As for Connors' decision to play Davis Cup tennis and the settling of his lawsuits, Riordan said, "It was time to change the image. A few years ago Jimmy had the talent, but it was the controversy that made him the biggest thing in tennis. That image served its purpose, but Jimmy is older now, more mature. He's a million-dollar business. The new image is better for his business interests."

"He wanted to go to Los Angeles after Forest Hills, even though he had a contract calling for him to be in Phila-

delphia. The old Connors would have gone straight to L.A., but I told him, 'Jimmy, this is business. Go to Philadelphia.' And he did."

KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

This item is dedicated to anybody who has ever vibrated to the fearful thunder of an oncoming truck-trailer on the highway, those monsters that roar up behind and fill your rear-vision mirror with the awesome image of their giant radiators. They seem to go awfully fast, right? Sure enough, one of them hit an official 132.154 mph the other day, and who knows what is to become of us all?

The clocking was achieved not on a highway, thank the Lord, but on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats. It was done by a six-wheeled, 17,500-pound truck-tractor out of Fort Dodge, Iowa, the kind you might see behind you on any road: a conventional Kenworth about 10 feet high and one lane wide, powered by a 1,150-cu. in. Cummins diesel engine, turbocharged and after-cooled to produce 600 hp. The outfit was driven by Harold Miller, who was accompanied by co-driver



Larry Lange. Miller and Lange were thoughtful enough to unhitch the trailer first and park it off to one side; towing it along would have increased the rolling weight to 13 tons.

Barreling across the desert straightaway, air horns no doubt at the ready, Miller and Lange's *Liberty Belle* broke just about every record for such behemoths: in seven runs they smashed various standing-start and flying-start marks at a quarter mile, a half kilometer, a full kilometer and a mile—14 in all, each of which has been certified by the

continued

U.S. Auto Club as a national record.

The idea of the speed test was to glamorize long-line trucking, basically a well-meaning mission, and to demonstrate that stock machines can hold up on high-speed runs. Miller and Lange were selected by Center Line, Inc., sponsor of the affair, precisely because neither had any racing experience and each was "typical of the thousands of truckers operating on the nation's expressways."

Their rig was pure stock, right off the shelf, so to speak, and Miller used only nine of the 30 gears available. If this is true, it means our worst suspicions are confirmed: no matter how hot your Mustang or Caddy or Firebird, there is no escape when one of these juggernauts flicks its lights and moves out to overtake you. You might as well pull over to the right and slow down.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

A couple of days before last weekend's big horse race, a sports announcer on WCBS in New York did something he probably should not have. He informed his listeners that Saturday's feature at Belmont did have a name, but that he wasn't allowed to speak it into his microphone. So, because cigarette advertising is banned from the air, the Marlboro Cup, an authentic sporting event, remained simply The Cup on CBS air. The Virginia Slims series of tennis tournaments has had the same sort of identification, or non-identification, problem.

The small cold logic involved is depressingly clear; perhaps it should be carried forthwith to its logical end. To avoid any possible ambiguities, let there be no more on-air mention of the late Sir Bleep Churchill or to his speeches in the British Bleep; no chatter in this bicentennial season about early colonists like Sir Walter Bleep; no references to the Bleep with trials. And in the future, no coverage of the America's Cup off Bleep, R.I. That, however, might just be the straw that breaks the Bleep's back. Meanwhile, WCBS, keep your Bleep.

THERE'S FIRE

All that Bleep notwithstanding, there is a way to beat the system, if your name is Zenya Yoshida and you are one of the four owners of Wajima, the colt that won the Marlboro Cup by a nose from favored Forego (page 16). The TV cameras were focusing in on Yoshida and the other owners of Wajima at the victory

ceremonies when the Japanese industrialist, grinning ever so slightly, took a pack of Marlboros from his pocket and held it up in front of him. The camera gulped, blushed and hastily looked away. It peeked again—after all, TV could not ignore the ceremonies—but each time it did the smiling Yoshida held up the villainous cigarettes and the camera had to run and hide again.

The TV camera should have stayed with him. It was only a Lark.

WAITING GAME

Some people don't know when to quit. John Blakeman came to the University of Missouri five years ago as a promising young football player, but mononucleosis and a broken wrist kept him out of all but two games his freshman season. The next year he was redshirted. The year after that he sat on the bench most of the time, seeing only a few minutes of playing time in two games. Last year he injured his knee in the first preseason scrimmage, underwent surgery and was out for the entire season.

"I thought of quitting several times, I can't remember how many," Blakeman says. "I was ready to pack up and go home. But my parents told me to stick it out."

In spring practice this year Blakeman, who in his unhappy career at Missouri had been used as a running back, a slotback and a tight end, asked for a chance to try out at fullback. He began about as far down in the depth chart as you can get, but when the spring was over he was the No. 1 fullback. And, as you may recall, a couple of Mondays ago on national TV he was a prime mover in Missouri's 20-7 upset of Alabama, carrying the ball 16 times for 78 yards (an average of almost five yards a try) and bullying over from the nine for his team's second touchdown.

That's about all there is to the story. But it's a nice one, isn't it?

ENDANGERED SPECIES

"Take me out to the ball game," the old song goes. "Take me out to the crowd: Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack: I don't care if I never get back." But nowadays, if it's Cracker Jack you're waiting for, you may never get back. A Cincinnati fan complained bitterly that he could not find Cracker Jack for sale at Riverfront Stadium, and George Rowe, the stadium manager, was obliged to

make an official report on the matter to the Cincinnati City Council. Rowe admitted that it was true they didn't sell Cracker Jack at Riverfront anymore, but he argued that few stadiums or arenas around the country do. He said there were few requests for it, that other things to nibble on, such as popcorn and peanuts, were for sale, and anyway it was primarily a children's item, and the price that would have to be charged for it was out of the reach of children (a shaky argument if ever there was one). Whatever, the fact remained: no more Cracker Jack.

Football programs are disappearing, too. That is, those big glossy four-color jobs filled with photographs of all the players and the coaches and half the faculty and Old Main and the school fight song. Southern Methodist University decided to give up such programs because, says Athletic Director Dick Davis, "The rapid rise in cost of printing and paper makes a full program very expensive." SMU will sell flip cards instead, those small cardboard things that carry the names and numbers of the players on each team and very little else. "Flip cards will be much cheaper for a person to buy," says Davis, "and most people are interested mainly in the rosters, anyway." Perhaps, but it is hard to imagine someone stowing away old flip cards in a closet and digging them out years later and poring over them the way you do with old programs.

Cracker Jack first, then programs. Pennants will be next, probably, and then tubas, and before you know it the cost accountants will be eyeing the goalposts. "You really need those things, Coach?" they'll ask, rubbing their chins.

THEY SAID IT

- John McKay, USC football coach, asked if he objected to the same team appearing in the Rose Bowl year after year: "Well, yes I do. I don't think Ohio State should come every year."
- Ara Parseghian, former Notre Dame coach, on the lack of pressure he feels now as a TV football color man: "My stomach isn't rumbling. Can you imagine me eating a hot dog before a game when I was coaching?"
- Stephen Talley, 5-year-old Cincinnati baseball fan, asked by his mother after he got home from a Reds game whether they played *The Star-Spangled Banner*: "No, they played the Cardinals." **END**

American Express® discovers the secret to Hilton hospitality. For every three guests there are two Hiltons.



Hilton knows great service means good people—and plenty of them. So for every three guests, there are two Hiltons to make your stay more pleasant.

More Hilton people to help you means a receptionist with a few extra minutes for answers to your questions—about Hilton restaurants, the valet service, or the many other conveniences that can make your Hilton stay a real pleasure.

It means a chef who can put more artistry into his sauces and his menu specialties.

A maid who has more time

to make your room sparkle. There are Hilton people in every Hilton hotel eager to welcome you, to wait on you, and spoil you a little.

And that's the secret to Hilton hospitality—people. The two

Hiltons for every three guests.

Next business or vacation trip, just call your local Hilton Reservation Service. Or arrange your Hilton reservations through your travel agent.

And don't forget to bring the American Express® Card. It is always welcome at all the Hilton hotels around the country and around the world. If you don't have the Card, simply call 800-528-8000. Or pick up an application at a Hilton hotel.



The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.



BUCKEYE REVENGE



Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 22, 1976

Still burning from the celebrated upset by Michigan State last year, Ohio State returned to East Lansing to give the Spartans a 21-0 jolt and reinforce a maxim: when you beat Woody Hayes, do it quietly

by LARRY KEITH



The second Ohio State touchdown: Greene throws and Willis catches a 64-yarder

CONTINUED

Life in the Big Ten is pleasant enough for those who know their place, but should one of the serfs stage an upset, embark on a winning streak or begin snuffing roses, punishment is swift. That is what happened to Michigan State last Saturday in East Lansing. The Spartans were made an object lesson for others who would disobey one of life's prime warnings: do not feed the animals, do not pass Go, do not squeeze the Charman and, for members of the Big Ten, do not rile Woody Hayes and his Ohio State Buckeyes.

The 21-0 score does not accurately measure the soundness of the beating Ohio State administered to the Spartans or the difference in the two performances. It was, however, a satisfactory rebuttal to those who felt that Hayes was too old, his team too young and his opponents too good. "The old man is pretty happy," Hayes crowed outside the dressing room after the game.

Ten months ago the old man was pretty disgusted. Following Michigan State's

controversial 16-13 upset, Woody had said, "I can't tell you how bitter I am." The win was the Spartans' third in four years over Ohio State and part of a late-season five-game winning streak that propelled them into the national picture for the first time since 1966. Many people, including most of the record 80,383 who saw Saturday's game, believed the return match would launch the Spartans past the Buckeyes into Big Ten title contention. The old order was passing and a new order was coming on.

Instead, the crowd watched a very workmanlike, very thorough, very typical Ohio State victory, featuring a cast of newcomers familiar only in their execution. Middle Guard Aaron Brown and Tackle Eddie Beamon shut off Michigan State's running game, and on offense another sophomore, Tackle Chris Ward, scattered people across large sections of Michigan. Hayes even suited up nine freshmen, and four of them got in on the fun. Two other players, Split End Lenny Willis and Defensive Back Craig Cassidy, might as well be considered new faces also because, though seniors, they were making their first starts. Willis caught two passes, including a slightly deflected 64-yarder for a third-quarter touchdown, and Cassidy, son of Ohio State's immortal Hopalong, intercepted three passes. Hayes was so pleased with young Cassidy that he gave him a game ball and told an interesting, but totally apocryphal, story about how the defensive backfield coach had predicted the three interceptions before the game.

This wealth of high-calibre reserves standing by to replace last year's seniors is hardly unusual at Ohio State. It seems surprising, then, that the Spartans would have presumed that the Buckeyes' well had run dry. They should have listened to one of their own defensive backs, Tom Hannon of Massillon, who said before the game, "Woody gets all the good players from Ohio every year. These new guys are probably as good as the others, they just had to wait their turns." And how had Hannon, an All-America high school runner himself, escaped Woody's clutches three years ago? "He told me I had a good chance of beating out Archie Griffin," he says. "Griffin was just a freshman then, but I knew how good he was and I knew Hayes was lying."

Leaving bodies in his wake, Pete Johnson scored Ohio State's other touchdowns.



Spartan Quarterback Charlie Bagggett, who taunted the Buckeyes, was a marked man.

Griffin and the other veteran Buckeyes made their usual contributions. Archie got his 100 yards rushing—108 yards in 29 carries—for the 22nd consecutive regular-season game, and Fullback Pete Johnson scored two touchdowns on runs of six and nine yards in the second and fourth quarters. Quarterback Cornelius Greene gave every indication he would repeat as the league's total offense champion by running and passing for 133 yards. And Tom Skladany, who had the best punting average last year, averaged 44.5 yards on four kicks, three into a 20-mph wind in the first quarter.

"The most important thing in the game was not giving up a score when we had the wind against us," said Hayes. The rest of Woody's comments indicated the stability of the Buckeye regime. "This defense will be even better than last year's," he said, "and the offensive line is as good. This is another Ohio State team."

Unexpectedly, it was the more experienced Spartans who committed most of the sophomore mistakes. Although their defense was adequate, the offense gained only 173 yards. On the four occasions Michigan State moved into Buckeye territory it quickly fell backward and apart, fumbling, stumbling and having a pass intercepted by the ubiquitous Cassidy.





PHOTOGRAPH BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER AND NORTON E. BLUMEN

No Spartan suffered more than Quarterback Charlie Baggett, who, besides the interceptions, lost a fumble, fell down after receiving a snap, threw a pass after crossing the line of scrimmage and totaled but 58 yards. By Ohio State's reckoning, Baggett got no less than he deserved. For weeks leading up to the showdown he had flatly proclaimed that Michigan State would win and that he is the top quarterback in the nation and would play his best game ever. He reminded everyone of the Buckeyes' inexperience, the difficulties awaiting visiting players in East Lansing and the simple fact that "Ohio State doesn't have the players we do." Of course, Baggett's bold words found their way to the bulletin board in Ohio State's dressing room. "We'll let him do all the talking," said Hayes. "That's more than Archie has done in four years."

Woody and the players had considerably more to say after the game. Even the taciturn Griffin admitted that yes, Baggett's oratory had stoked everyone's competitive fires. Hayes, speaking lowly and slowly, had his own explanation. "Well, I'll tell you. When you get quality kids, you better not slur them with insults. Ninety-five percent of the people you can walk over with a bluff, but look out for the other five percent. We've got the five percent."

Actually, Baggett had not meant to be

insulting. But for stating the situation as he saw it, he was subjected to a ferocious rush during the game and the derisive laughter of the Buckeyes after it. His coach, Denny Stolz, was quick to come to the quarterback's defense. "Charlie had an average day," Stolz said. "A quarterback can look like an idiot when things go to hell even when it isn't his fault. On one of those interceptions, the freshman receiver ran the wrong route. Later the same kid was called for clipping. It was his introduction to the Big Ten."

For all the problems Michigan State encountered, it was Hayes who did not want to take his team to East Lansing. He would have preferred to start the season in some fail-safe town like Iowa City or Evanston, where his opening game record of 20-3-1 was certain to improve. But because schedules had been recycled this year, he was back for the second season in a row, playing what he admitted would be the toughest opener of his career. Publicly, at least, that was about all he was saying. Privately he feared that the Spartan fans and players might want something more than victory, like a few scalps. Woody's study of history had taught him all about revolutions.

At last year's game people had merely hurled liquor bottles at him. This year he expected Molotov cocktails, which is why he had three uniformed policemen guarding his flanks. Compounding the

antagonisms was a rumor that a current NCAA investigation of Michigan State had been instigated by Woody. Although NCAA Executive Director Walter Byers denied this, it weighed heavily on several Michigan State players. "Because of the investigation," said one, "this is an even bigger game than Michigan."

Indeed, the Ohio State game was to have been the start of a new era in East Lansing. If it meant revenge for the Buckeyes it was an emergence for Michigan State. Since 1968 Ohio State has won or shared six conference titles while the Spartans have had but two winning seasons. Michigan State has challenged Ohio State on the field, to be sure, but it has been Michigan which challenged the Buckeyes in the standings.

"The coaches in the league haven't liked the talk about the Big Two and the Little Eight," said Stolz before the game. "Unfortunately, it has been pretty factual. This season will go more to answering that question than any other. That's why this game is so important."

Michigan State's 21-0 loss gave Stolz an answer he certainly did not like. "I wish I didn't have to live for a week," he said when it was all over. "I wish I could just disappear."

Hayes could not have been more chipper. "What was it Wordsworth wrote?" he asked. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Well, I'll tell you something. That damn new order hasn't come yet."

As a matter of fact, Woody, it was Tennyson, but you've made your point. **END**

And he'll always remember you, fans.





GET LOST, CINDERELLA, WAJIMA'S IN FRONT

Rags-to-riches legends suffered a setback when a colt that sold for \$600,000 as a yearling won the rich Marlboro Cup **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Wajima is the antithesis of those horse racing legends the public has come to know and love. He is not at all like Styrmse, the "ugly duckling" Hirsch Jacobs claimed for \$1,500 and trained to such perfection that he earned \$918,485. Thus far nobody has compared Wajima to Seabiscuit, the startling runner Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons could not handle and sold for \$7,500—only to see him come back and win 27 stakes. In short, Wajima is not a million-dollar baby found in a five-and-ten-cent store; he cost 120 times as much as Man o' War. Thus he has the makings of another kind of legend. Last Saturday afternoon at New York's Bel-

mont Park he proved that he may well be the only truly fine product of runaway inflation.

Two years ago, as Wajima stood in the yearling sales ring at Lexington, Auctioneer George Swinebroad opened the bidding on him at \$500,000. Such a thing had never been done before. The pavilion went a little crazy, for buyers know legends, too. Ominous legends. For example, about Reine Enchanteur being sold for \$405,000 and earning \$9,305. Of Knight's Honor selling for \$210,000 and running so poorly that he won just \$1,670. And those other yearlings—11 of them—that brought \$200,000 or more

and did not even get to the races. Swinebroad rapped his gavel for silence and a young man named Jim Scully upped the bid to \$600,000. Scully wanted for a bid to top his. It never came. Scully had on his hands a handsome colt by Bold Ruler out of Iskra—and the ominous legends.

Scully got to his feet last Saturday at Belmont as the field of seven swung into the stretch curve in the \$250,000 1¼-mile Marlboro Cup. Poor Scully—he had left his binoculars at home, something a horseman never does. With the naked eye he saw a good horse named Ancient Title on the lead and the 1974 Horse of the Year, Forego, saving ground by moving close to the rail. Scully saw the green and yellow colors on Wajima only as a blur, but it was a very fast blur. Wajima was moving with a tremendous rush. A furlong from the finish he hooked up with Forego. They drove to the finish line with Forego drifting out a bit but still hanging on. There is a racing cliché that describes Forego very well: "He is like hickory and will not bend."

Driving on the outside in the Marlboro's test stretch duel, Wajima outstays favored Forego.

But Wajima finally bent him, winning by a tough head. Scully screamed something incoherent, but by now he was seeing very clearly—black ink on the bottom line, among other things. The Marlboro was Wajima's fifth consecutive stakes victory in two months, and not only did he defeat Forego and Ancient Title but he also beat the Kentucky Derby winner, Foolish Pleasure, by 10 lengths and Belmont winner Avatar by 14. Altogether Wajima has raced only 14 times but he has won \$478,988, the bulk of it in the last seven weeks. His value today, as a racehorse and a prospective sire, is more than \$5 million.

Indubitably Belmont was a fitting showplace for him: in three years the Marlboro Cup has become the Kentucky Derby of handicap races in this country. The field for the third running had won 59 stakes and more than \$4 million. The jockeys had earned more than \$100 million. And the horses came from everywhere. Ancient Title shipped East from California in July, bringing with him an entourage of fascinating people and a record of nine stakes victories. Avatar had been waiting in the East for more than a month to run in the Marlboro, Royal Glint, the winner of three \$100,000 races in a month, was going to try to prove that those victories had not been earned in shallow water. Foolish Pleasure, heretofore regarded as the year's top 3-year-old, was on hand to try to prove that he could beat a good field, which he had not done since the Derby. Step Nicely was invited because he had been in the money in seven of eight outings this year.

Early in the morning the day before the Marlboro, Keith Stucki, the trainer of Ancient Title, did some backstretch rummaging in Barn 11. "This is the kind of a field in which a man could have his horse finish a decent last and not be disgraced. Title won the Whitney at Saratoga, so you could say that our trip East was worthwhile, right there, but I've got to take my chance at the Marlboro. I'm not saying that the winner becomes Horse of the Year but he would have to have a very good chance. I think it is the best field of horses in many, many years."

Two hours after Ancient Title had finished third in the Marlboro, Stucki stood at the side of a wheelchair on the roof of

the grandstand. It was dark and a cold wind ruffled the hair of Stucki's 31-year-old daughter Gay. "We're ready to go anytime you are," Stucki said. Gay Stucki had been instrumental in the development of Ancient Title. She had been his exercise rider until July when another horse bolted under her and crashed to the rail at Hollywood Park, probably paralyzing her legs for life. "There's no rush to go," she said to her father. "You're having a good time."

As the two talked, Steve DiMauro, the trainer of Wajima, eased himself away from a group of well-wishers and walked up to them. "I'm sorry," DiMauro said, "we have never met but I'm . . ." Gay reached out and shook DiMauro's hand. "I know who you are," she said, "and you've got a magnificent horse. He ran a great race. I'm very happy for you."

For the last two seasons not an awful lot of people would have been happy to be Steve DiMauro. On mornings when he would jump on a stable pony and go to the track alongside Wajima, other trainers would say, "Looks great, Steve. Real great," or, "That's the one, ain't it, Steve? The \$600,000 baby?" Once they were out of sight, however, the other trainers would say things like "Name the last good one that cost that kind of money."

Of the 67 highest-priced yearlings ever sold at auction in this country only Majestic Prince, who cost \$250,000 and earned \$414,200, ever won himself out. DiMauro had first seen Wajima at the 1973 Keeneland sales. He looked at the youngster and admired him but felt "I would never have him." But the night of the sales Jim Scully got a group of people together and they decided they would try to buy the colt.

The story is rather remarkable. Scully is a bloodstock agent from Lexington, Zensya Yoshida a Japanese industrialist, Harold Snyder a plastics and pharmaceutical manufacturer from Dover, Ohio, and James Welch a physician from Louisiana. Their nom de course is East-West Stable and at the end of the year they will get together and draw straws to determine which owner gets to keep which trophy.

Once the group had the colt, they agreed on the name of Wajima at Yoshida's recommendation. It is the name of a 27-year-old, 6', 275-pound Sumo wrestler, Japan's grand champion since 1973. Wajima literally means "Circular

Sea," but the wrestler has the reputation of being the playboy of the Eastern world. He is a high liver who drives a gleaming ivory Lincoln Continental.

DiMauro got Wajima to the races quite late. It was Sept. 21 of his 2-year-old season before he first ran, and he won. His debut had been delayed by that most common of horse injuries, bucked shins. Wajima ran only three more times and won once before being tucked away for the winter. One of the defeats was a very good second in the Laurel Futurity. Everyone assumed that he would start a march toward the Triple Crown and fight it out with the unbeaten 2-year-old champion, Foolish Pleasure. But after finishing fifth in the Bahamas at Hialeah at the end of January, Wajima developed a splint on the inside of his left foreleg and had to be taken out of training again, this time until June.

DiMauro had been a jockey for many years but had to quit when his weight got too high, and when he first started training he had to gallop horses to make ends meet. At one stage he had a one-horse stable, Eighteen Crosses—which was claimed from him. DiMauro claimed Eighteen Crosses back, only to discover that the horse had bowed a tendon. It took him a year to get Eighteen Crosses back on the racetrack. Then the horse won at first asking.

Slowly, DiMauro's career developed. In his biggest year before this one his horses earned a little more than \$600,000. In 1975 the figure so far is more than \$1 million, for in addition to Wajima he also trains Dearly Precious, the 2-year-old filly who has rattled off seven straight stakes and could well be the Ruffian of 1976.

When Wajima began racing again in June he won two allowance events and finished second in the Saranac and Dwyer Handicaps. Since then he has been spectacular, winning the Marylander at Bowie, the Monmouth Invitational, the Travers, the Governor and the Marlboro, in order. His next race may be the Woodward Stakes in New York in September or the richest handicap ever to be run in this country, the \$350,000 National Thoroughbred Championship at Santa Anita on Nov. 1.

Late last Saturday Jim Scully watched the rerun of the patrol films of Wajima's Marlboro victory. "Well," he said, "he's worth every bit of that \$600,000 now, isn't he?" And then some. **END**

AN INDY ON A FAST, WET TRACK

In boating's version of the 500, the One Ton world championship, a swift rat pack challenged a *Pied Piper* by ROGER VAUGHAN

The One Ton Cup world championship, sailed off Newport this month, might have been called the Peterson world championship. Twenty boats from this very hot, very expensive (\$75,000 and up), level-racing class arrived to compete for a cup first offered in the 1890s. Today's One Tonner, far different from its 19th century predecessors, is 34 to 37 feet of get-up-and-go. Of the 20, 10 were from the drawing board of San Diego's 30-year-old Doug Peterson, three by the 28-year-old New Zealand designer, Ron Holland (who lives in Ireland these days), and five other designers had one each. Sparkman & Stephens, which once ruled the class, managed only two, one old and one new, and both finished poorly. Last Saturday, at the end of three closed-course races and two bouts in the ocean, the Petersons once again ruled the class with finishes of 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8 and 9 out of the top 10. "Winning isn't automatic with a Peterson anymore," one observer noted. "There are too many of them."

Pied Piper, a brand-new Peterson from Chicago, built by Carl Eichenlaub and named in co-owner Dick Jennings' self-image (he runs an exterminating company), led the rat pack through most of the five exhausting races and thus became the second U.S. boat ever to win the championship, the Dick Carter-designed *Tina* having taken it in 1966.

Pied Piper won the North American championship two weeks before in the same waters, and she picked up right where she left off. Halfway to the weather mark of the first race she took the lead and never looked seriously like losing



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHWENHART

thereafter. Her worst finish was fifth. Her brain trust, chaired by co-owner Lowell North, the sailmaker, showed great tactical sense in a variety of weather that included dense fog, rain, dead calm and a near gale, Indian summer heat and early winter chill. With an additional slight edge in boat speed, *Pied Piper* finished 1, 5, 1, 1, 2.

Several boats were going well enough to win, but Germany's *Gumboot* was the only one of 10 foreigners in contention to the end. Winner last year as an English entry, *Gumboot* was driven hard by sailmaker Berend Beilken and a crew new to the boat. She finished third in every race and placed second overall.

Californian George Tooby came along with *America Jane III*, the first One Tonner by young Australian Designer Scott Kaufman, and blew the first race, finishing 15th, but then showed a ton of speed with finishes of 2, 2, 2, 1 for third overall. Oh, that first race! The Long Island Sound boats *Kindred Spirit* and *Artemis*, Ted Turner's *Vamp* and *Silver Apple* from Ireland showed flashes of brilliance and overall quickness, but ultimately each lacked the consistency needed to place in this tough fleet.

It was indeed a tough fleet, with positions changing on every leg of every race, but the competition was marred at times by sail handling and navigation that were below standard. There was one collision, and one boat went on the rocks.

Nevertheless, the One Ton event has become the Indianapolis 500 of sailing. It is a showplace for top-of-the-line everything—design, sails, hardware—and it has a big-business, big-money aura about it. As the skipper of one nonfactory-team boat said, with just a touch of bitterness, "It's interesting to see the pros out there going at it. I'm sure it means a lot to them for business reasons." It does. The pros took the top four places.

Such concentrated attention was being given to hull shapes, sail shapes and go-fast technology, the races seemed at times more like design-engineering conferences than a regatta. "Peterson's *Gawwore* in 1973 did for One Ton racing what the rear engine did for auto racing," said one sailing buff. "Now the basic design is being refined for specific sea conditions and wind ranges. It's like the gearboxes are being changed for every race." Dockside deepthink was so pervasive it was refreshing to hear Skip Parcell say *Kindred Spirit*



With a reef in and the crew hiking, *Piper* slashes upwind in a stiff Atlantic breeze.

it's major weakness was "When we make a mistake."

The man who made very few mistakes and who put it all together in a most enviable way was Lowell North. An ad for his sails is headlined *WINNING IS EVERYTHING*, and North races as if he believes it. He is a multiple winner of the coveted Star world championship, among several hundred other victories, and one can't quarrel with the results: North sails dominated the One Ton fleet.

North sailed on *Gambare* in 1973 and with Dennis Conner on *Singer* (now *Vamp*) during this year's SORC triumph. When it came time for him and Dick Jennings to build a One Tonner, they knew what they wanted. *Pied Piper's* "gear-box" is designed for maximum performance in choppy seas in almost any wind.

Piper was easily the most hydraulic boat in the fleet. Her headstay, backstay, baby stay and boom vang can all be adjusted to the nearest 100 pounds of tension by a hydraulic pump-and-valve system. Her mast, which can be moved through a 20-inch fore-aft arc at the tip, was the tallest and thinnest in the fleet. Mast and rigging were built by Tim Stearn, a *Pied Piper* helmsman who, at

27, is president of Stearn Sailing Systems of Wisconsin. "In a chop," Stearn said, "our mast causes less turbulence on the sails." Is mast turbulence really that significant? "When a 140-mile race is won by a boat length, it is," he said. But the philosophy aboard *Piper* was best revealed by her digital speed gauge, which reads in hundredths of a knot.

Unlike many skippers, who take the helm for the duration, North prefers the role of tactician and sail trimmer. He handles the boat at the start and takes a turn steering, but mainly he is mentally pacing the boat, calculating, calling tactics and observing the big picture. With great attention to detail, he does his share of scout work. At 4 p.m. on a lay day, the guy in the wet suit emerging from beneath *Piper's* hull was Lowell North. "Lowell doesn't let his ego get in the way of progress," one of his crew said.

North's crew is tops, and his navigator, Ben Mitchell, may be the best in the fleet. The night the Brazilian-owned *Mach II* went on the rocks at the finish of the middle-distance, 140-mile race, Mitchell took *Piper* nearly to Brenton tower before tacking for the finish line at the mouth of Narragansett Bay. "Didn't you sail an extra mile?" he was asked. "Yeah," Mitchell said, "but we didn't hit the rocks, and we still won."

Add a gorgeous collection of custom sails, and it is understandable why the amateurs gritted their teeth in the wake of the *Pied Piper* and other professionals spoiled with admiration. "We went by them on one of the reaches in the 140-miler," said Sailmaker Bob Barton of *Kindred Spirit*. "We had on the double head rig I made for this series. It was a big thrill. I wanted to turn on the country music to let them know who it was."

There were other bright moments. After the North American championships, *America Jane III* lightened her keel and added sail, which substantially improved her performance. After *A.J.'s* third straight second, Scott Kaufman was so happy he challenged co-helmsman Warwick Tompkins to a hand-over-hand climb up the headstay—and laughed when he lost. Even the hole that *Silver Apple's* bow had made in *A.J.'s* topsides aft couldn't dampen Kaufman's mood. The Holland-designed *Apple* had failed to bear away during a close port-star-board situation in a breeze and had nearly come into *A.J.'s* cockpit. "It was just like *Jaws*, man," said Gary Weis-

man, who was at the helm. The collision ended *Apple's* otherwise respectable showing.

On the dock before the last race, a 318-mile hike that had 35-knot winds in store, Weisman listened to some free tactical advice about how to handle archrival *Gambrots*. "You can probably beat them," this guy was saying, "if you stay with them instead of going off trying to win the race." "Well," Gary said, "I guess we'll go off and try to win the race." And he did, and *A.J.* won. All in all, though, the One Ton was a well-deserved triumph for North. His speed edge alone was too slim to ensure victory. *Piper* had to be best in all departments, and she was.

It was also a good win for Peterson, but other designers are knocking at the door. After the last race Peterson was below in the soggy disarray of *Pied Piper*, listening intently to what Lowell North was saying. Peterson was calm, impassive as usual, hands folded, head nodding. But one had the distinct feeling he was thinking about his drawing board back home in San Diego.

END



Germany's *Gambrots* on a spinaker reach.

A POTSHOT ANGERS ITS QUARRY

Television's 'The Guns of Autumn' purported to take an objective, if gory, look at hunting. Instead the program showed only artless killing and set up CBS as a target for every hunter who refuses to be labeled a butcher

CBS announced it would be "purely and simply a telecast about hunting." It would be "about what hunting really is," it would seek to explain why people hunt and what the rules are. For the first time, network television was going to take a journalistic look at blood sports.

But the indications of what the hour-and-a-half show, *The Guns of Autumn*, really was about were not hard to detect even from the advance publicity. The public was enticingly warned that the program contained "scenes of the deaths

of animals which may be disturbing to some members of your family." An hour of Sunday evening programming three weeks later was already set aside for *Echoes of the Guns of Autumn*, a sequel to be based on the controversy it would surely arouse.

If viewer reaction were the sole guide to a program's success, *Guns* could be the start of a new series. On the evening of Sept. 5 when it was shown, switchboards at CBS affiliates in Chicago and Albuquerque and in New York were

overloaded with complaints. At WCCO in St. Paul, Minn., station personnel fielded an estimated 300 calls. Most of the calls were from outraged hunters, a few from parents and animal lovers appalled at the tight close-ups of the prey's final agonies and bloody butchering scenes. In the days following the telecast CBS probably got even more attention than it desired in the nation's press, as paper after paper castigated the show for assorted prejudices and inadequacies: "A new low in the standards of electron-



ic journalism," "extreme and inflammatory," "massively ignorant or deliberately false." Amid all this sound and fury, who really deserves to be called what?

The title of the program was an obvious parallel to the titles of familiar movies and novels about warfare and outlawry. Its scheduling coincided neatly with not only the start of the hunting season in many states but with Congress' consideration of strict new anti-gun legislation and the nationwide scare campaign by the National Rifle Association on the old "when guns are outlawed only outlaws will have guns" theme.

In other words, CBS was boldly hammering on the NRA's knees to see how its reflexes worked. Before show time, the

NRA apparently kicked almost all the sponsors where they live, because all but one pulled out. CBS was reduced to airing public-service announcements and promos for its own fall activities.

Gier showed its viewers a series of bizarre scenes, most of them far out on the freakish periphery where no self- or game-respecting hunter would be found. The script, which CBS may have thought "lean," was coy instead. Whatever, the terse commentary was fortuitous because Writer-Producer Irv Drasnm let his bias lead him into either inaccuracies or misrepresentations. In one segment, he suggested these brutal killers slit bears' bellies and roll out the guts as much to lighten their load as to prevent spoilage of the meat, as if the very dressing of game were despicable. In another episode, a hunter claims that nature kills off the weak and sick of a herd, while hunters take the healthy. That's too simple; in a hard winter the strong bucks drive healthy does and fawns away from feed; it is the fawns that nature kills the soonest. But even without gratuitously biased comment, the program seemed edited to condemn all who hunt, since we 1) aren't cavemen killing out of primitive necessity and 2) aren't European noblemen of some century when sport hunting was done right, by the right few people.

Admittedly, what was shown being done by people who clearly thought they were hunters right to the marrow of their

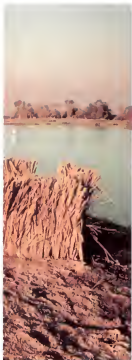
bones was deplorable. They came at daybreak on the first day of bear season to an infamous dumping ground in Michigan. Bears so tame that they ate out of a woman's hands the day before were plugged and hauled away on the tailgates of \$6,000 four-wheel-drive vehicles.

Another bear was hounded through the Michigan woods by a huge party of men and women and dogs and children and trucks and radio equipment, across dirt roads that had been dragged the previous night to obliterate old tracks. Every road is covered, every turn of the bear and dogs reported to the waiting guns. When the bear is brought to bay, all the people race to be first at the scene, and all are standing around with beer and cameras when the animal is gunned out of a tree and the finishing shot administered. The dogs are then let at the bear. The leader of the hunt tells the TV crew, "We get condemned a lot for shooting a bear out of a tree, but after the miles we put on today, we figure these dogs deserve a chew." Catch 22.

One watched these introductory scenes thinking, "All right, that's the way it's going to begin. It's going to start low and establish a contrast for respectful and knowledgeable and challenging hunting. A spectrum." That seemed fair enough, although an invidious kind of editing was already apparent. While a hunter is trying to explain the appeal of pheasant hunting on the sound track, saying,

carcass

The solitude, the peace and the challenge of a real hunt eluded the television camera.



CBS' promotional photographs for the controversial show also stressed the kill and not the hunt.

"You give [a man] a shotgun and you give him a beautiful cornfield and, man, there's just something about it," the screen shows a hedgerow with an armed man every 30 yards along it as far as you can see, rather than the solitary hunter the words evoke.

But, actually, that bear hunt was the nearest thing to hunting *Guns* covered. It was all downhill from there. In the remaining hour or so we were treated to another opening-day hunt—and every hunter knows that opening day, when the game is unwary, bears little relation to what will occur the rest of the season. This one was filmed in the marshes of Pennsylvania, where the state game department officers assign sites to the herds of hunters and rent them geese and duck decoys, and the gunnery begins before the legal shooting hour and gunners rain shot on each other whenever the ducks are so ill-bred as to fly low.

There was the Arizona buffalo hunt, in which hunters picked in a drawing are directed in trucks by their "backers" to their designated prey, depending on what they paid for—bull, cow or calf. After less than an hour the hunter kneels and fires. The buffalo drops. The guide says, "Beautiful."

Finally came the ultimate in what hunting really isn't, the game preserves where exotic trophy animals like the coyax and white fallow deer are bred and raised just to be shot, for money. At one such preserve, the customer sort of window-shops in a fenced-in area of less than one square mile and in 10 minutes kills a Manitoba buck. Later in the same sequence it takes seven ill-placed shots (not counting the trophy photographs) to kill a white fallow deer. You can bet the prolonged dental rattle of the handsome animal is clearly audible on the sound track, second only to the heavy breathing of the client.

And that was how it went. The NRA should have sponsored this show itself. Given just a little sponsorial pressure, which perhaps the NRA could manage, the program could have come off as saying, "Look, folks. These are the characters that are giving gun sports a bad name. Don't confuse us with them." But the NRA fell for the obvious bait and got mad, and now we may have fallen for it, too. But there were so many things to get irritated at.

Dan Rather, narrating unobtrusively and invisibly, often steps aside, leaving the stage to Drasinin. You then hear Drasinin's voice commenting, and you often see him in the film. You can observe the intelligent, interested, noncommittal expression with which Drasinin draws out the hunters' words, supplying much of the audio. But he does not appear to be truly seeking to learn. He is asking questions guaranteed to make, say, the ex-stewardess married to a doctor give dumb answers. After she has potted a big bull buffalo, was she thrilled? Did she feel as if she had accomplished something? Poor girl, what could she say? She's little and the buffalo is big and woolly and wise and old and historical . . . of course she's thrilled. And of course she isn't.

You could imagine Drasinin's satisfaction when he got on his tapes and films some unsuspecting, sincere remarks which he knew he could project on the screen to make hunters objects of ridicule. Like the father who said he enjoys seeing his children kill and take game. Like the hunter who says, "I love to hunt everything." And when asked again what else he hunts, replies, "Oh, I hunt everything. Everything there is." Those words are left to sink in without further comment.

In your mind's eye you could hardly refrain from creating an imaginary editing-room scene, someone perhaps saying, "Dig it: we got this cat spouting some junk about how nature's way is crueler than man's, right? What have we got that we can play that over that would undermine it? How about that shot of two dudes swinging a male buck up onto the bed of the pickup? Whump! I think I got the whump here somewhere."

Undeniably, *Guns* was effective television, but it substituted significance achieved through weighted montage for real penetration of the subject. No wonder the NRA is yipping. So are a good many of the country's hunters—which leads to the startling reflection that the nation's most active lobby may actually be representative of some of their attitudes. In the *Detroit Free Press*, outdoors writer, Tom Opre commented, "What patent garbage! Where were the guys with bird dogs patiently seeking wild pheasants, quail or partridge? Where were the fellows who tromp mule after

mile looking for rabbits? Where were the hunters scrambling up steep cliffs and mountainsides after sheep, wild deer and elk that outwit them, more often than not, at the last minute? Where was the camaraderie? Where was the fair chase that most hunters do experience?" Or in the words of Bill Cochran, an editor for the *Roanoke Times*, "Most of the so-called hunting on the show was done by one Irv Drasinin, whose prey was the hunter himself, something he stalked as murderously as did the fat slob who pursued the penned white deer."

CBS absolutely denies that there was any bias in the broadcast. On the evening of Sept. 28 someone representing the network may stand right there and say words to the effect that they presented a balanced view of what they found when they went looking for the truth. If it seems unbalanced to us, then that is because the truth long ago departed from our idea of it. CBS says it did not choose the hunting locations itself but was referred to them by pro-hunting agencies. It says the hunting methods and experiences are typical, and legal. It says there is no emotionalism in the script except what viewers put there. The *Echoes of the Guns of Autumn* is therefore in no sense an "equal time" affair; according to CBS *The Guns of Autumn* by itself was balanced, full and complete.

Greg Cooke, who filmed nearly all the hunting segments of the show, revealed to Bob Thomas of *The Arizona Republic* a way in which Drasinin could have come to this debatable notion. Cooke acknowledged (as CBS has not done) that no effort was made to follow the "typical" seek and search, uphill and downhill hunter, because it would have been technically too tough to film and because a hunter shooting at a target 100 yards distant doesn't make an impressive picture. Instead, clearly, CBS filmed things it could get to easily. Primarily city boys who knew little of hunting when they started, they hardly knew it when they didn't see it. Cooke says that after they visited one "recommended" place after another, "we began saying to each other, 'My God, what's going on?'" There you have how *Guns* might have happened.

In the end, Drasinin is hoist by his own petard. One segment of *Guns*, set in Rifle, Colo., uses the technique of a radio

continued

A low distortion amplifier and uniquely designed tuned-port speakers – all precisely matched to give this new Allegro® system incredibly clear, rich, natural sound.

You're looking at the finest stereo system Zenith has ever brought you. And one remarkable part of it is a unique stereo receiver. The Wedge.

Its amplifier puts out 12 watts of power per channel (min. RMS) into 8 ohms, yet total harmonic distortion is held to a low 0.5% or less (Power bandwidth: 40 to 15,000 Hz).

Zenith's Allegro speakers, with a uniquely designed tuned-port, free much of the deep, rich bass that many other speakers trap inside.

And they do it so efficiently that other systems with comparable size air-suspension speakers need amplifiers with twice the power to match Allegro's overall sound performance.

This system gives you the kind of sound you used to find only in expensive component set ups. Pure and full.

You'll hear highs you may never have heard before in modular stereo. Silences so clean, you'd probably not even

know the system was on.

But more than that, The Wedge combines clear, rich sound with a complete array of built-in features.

There's an 8-track tape unit that plays and records in stereo. Zenith's precision Micro-Touch® tone arm to protect records. FM muting, to silence background noise between stations.

A sensitive HI filter that lets you switch off high-frequency hiss. Plus a large, precise tuning meter for more accurate station selection.

Choose from a whole line of Zenith Allegro stereo and 4-channel sound systems, with performance and features tailored to suit your ears. And your budget.

ZENITH
Allegro

The quality goes in
before the name goes on.®

Model GR596W. Simulated wood
with richly-grained walnut finish.



Zenith introduces The Wedge.

International size.

Seville... built in America to be at home anywhere in the world. Timeless in styling. Cadillac in craftsmanship. A car of performance and luxury. Maneuverable. Responsive—a 5.7 Litre, Electronic-Fuel-Injected Engine is standard. And efficient. In EPA tests—Seville got 21 miles per gallon highway and 15 mpg city. For California figures, see your Cadillac Dealer.

Seville 

*Whatever you want in a luxury car,
Cadillac has it.*



Family size.

In cars engineered to take it, Coupe deVille (shown), Sedan deVille, Fleetwood Brougham, The Calais, Cadillac Limousines. Plus special editions available with new "contoured pilloze" seating. New colors and fabrics. Plus unseen advancements like the Freedom® battery. And you may order Cadillac's Electronic-Fuel-Injected Engine. The choice of '76 is at your Cadillac dealer's now.

Cadillac  '76



Personal size.

Coupe, Custom Cabriolet or Convertible . Eldorado '76 is one of the world's most exciting cars. With that rare blend of sportiness and luxury that is Eldorado. Plus the maneuverability and front seat roominess of front-wheel drive. Together with Variable Ratio Power Steering, Automatic Level Control and refinements for 1976, it adds up to a remarkable roadability.

Eldorado  '76

Oceans apart
from the ordinary.



Heineken. Holland's finest.
America's number one
imported beer.
Light or dark.
In bottles or on draft.
Exclusive U. S. Importers:
Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

Heineken tastes tremendous—no wonder it's number one.

broadcast as a voice-over for a scene of hunters gathering. The radio announcer says, "The ethics of hunting can be summed up in one word . . . respect." But *Guns* shows scarcely any, and therefore is a fine example of what it condemns. Juicy material, topical, outrageous, involving emotional shots of violent death—you could say the dying animals were as callously exploited as the unsuspecting humans. And that should be the last word on the subject. But there's more to it, isn't there? Even if the remote corners of aberrant and insensitive hunting are all that *The Guns of Autumn* looked at, even if these naive city boys missed the subject, hunting, they did connect with some utterly familiar hunters—people who will use whatever means are at hand to fix the odds in their favor. In the early days of the country in the Adirondacks, bucks were driven off the hillsides and into the lakes by dogs and overtaken by hunters in canoes and guide boats and shot at close range, sometimes while a guide held an antler. Even much of Hemingway's *The Green Hills of Africa* is about sneaking around and potting game, although that took respect and knowledge and marksmanship and there was danger and hardship.

Where is the line to be drawn? Admittedly, there are people who hunt who shouldn't, because it is to them a mindless indulgence. It can also be a truly infatigating pleasure, but that, too, is insufficient reason. If hunting isn't of a piece with the rest of your life, or isn't proper to the environment and conditions of your life, or if you do not care enough to hunt alone, without aids, learning to be in the woods and studying the biology of the animal you seek, or if you do not know how to kill decently and clean and preserve and use your meat, if you do not have the energy and curiosity and desire to hunt in this way, you shouldn't hunt. If you want anything at all except the mysterious presence and connection and inexhaustible study of the woods, stay out of them. Drasnin's program will have been useful if it has shamed individual hunters who ought to stay home, if it deprives them of the sense they seem to have of being supported and encouraged by their society in their shabby attitudes. Or if it makes them say, "I'm not like that," and makes them set out to prove it.

AND

Presenting Long Johns for both sexes.

If you think that 120 mm is too far for flavor to travel in a cigarette, Long Johns will change your mind. Light one up. Ahhh, love at first puff. And there are plenty of extra puffs where that came from. Extra puffs. But, the same price as 100's. And you get the choice of Regular or Menthol.



120s
Get into Long Johns. They'll suit you.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 20 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



MUDDLE IN THE HUDDLE

BY DAN JENKINS



It was the moment for a big decision on the arctic turf of the Polo Grounds that Sunday in the hopeful year of 1934. The Chicago Bears had battered the New York Giants all afternoon and seemed to be headed for another NFL championship, one that again would be shaped by the legendary cleats of Bronko Nagurski and George Musso and those other Monsters of the Midway. Now in the fourth quarter with the Bears leading by a field goal there was a time-out, and Ed Danowski, the Giant quarterback, knelt on the frozen surface and gazed at the scared and weary but noblest of the Giants: at Mel Hein, Ray Flaherty, Ike Frankisan and, finally, at the half-crippled but gallant Ken Strong.

"Ken," Danowski said to his famed running back, "what do you think of tax-free municipals?"

"My agent-manager was strongly recommending them earlier in the year," Strong said. "You can get a better return in commercial paper, of course, but the economy is fairly uncertain, as we all know."

Mel Hein said, "I was chatting with Bronko after their touchdown and he said Keith Molesworth may be quitting as their player representative."

"Yes, I'd heard that," Strong said. "He's been very disturbed about the minimum-salary and disability-benefit issues."

Hein said, "Frankly, I was surprised that Jack Manders came in and kicked their last field goal. In the first quarter I overheard him tell Link Lyman that if George Halas didn't become more responsive to the questions of pensions and preseason pay he might sit out the rest of the game."

Bo Molenda spoke up. "Has anyone else read the progress report on the option-compensation clause?"

"I've only glanced at it," said Hein. "The Bears' Gene Ronzani showed me a copy when we bumped into each

continued

other coming out for the second half. He had asked me why we had all changed into tennis shoes, and while we were talking I scanned the report."

"Personally, I don't think I stand up any better in these things," Ken Strong said. "Your feet are certainly colder. It's still 10° out here, you know. When I phoned my agent-manager at halftime and told him about it he suggested I go ahead and finish the game, but he said there might very well be a criminal negligence suit in this against the Maras, Steve Owen and Manhattan College."

Danowski said, "I think I'm going to have to call a play now, Ken. Did you get an answer on whether you can run off tackle anymore?"

"Carrying the ball from scrimmage is all right," Strong said, "as long as I don't run anywhere near Musso. Sidney says I have to sit for some commercial stills tomorrow—Ovaltine cans or something—and I can't afford to get banged up like Harry Newman and Red Badgro."

"When Mel hups me the ball I'll slip it to you and you can go into left tackle," said Danowski. "Hup me the ball on hike, Mel."

"I'll do it," Hein said, "but I want to go on record as saying that this entire afternoon has been a dehumanizing experience."

"Debilitating as well," said Strong. "Somebody actually heard Halas tell them to step on our toes."

Danowski said, "You might expect the owners' Management Council to do something as arbitrary as that but I don't

think a fellow union member would."

"Musso would," said Strong.

"Well, cut for the sideline, Ken," Danowski said, "and maybe they'll all slip on the ice."

Hein hupped the ball to Danowski and Danowski gave it to Strong, who skittered through the line and then loped 40 yards down the sideline while the Bears imitated Sonja Henie in a death spiral. His touchdown moved the Giants ahead 17-13. Moments later Strong did it again, and then Danowski scored, and as suddenly as all that the Monsters of the Midway had been historically upset, 30-13.

It was this shocking result that did much to increase the interest in pro football and collective bargaining.

Afterward, the players of both teams issued a statement through the Sidney Wolfe & Associates Theatrical Sports Management Corporation. In part, the statement said the players were delighted to see that "competitive balance" had reached the league but they still deplored the "suffocating paternalism" of the owners and coaches.

History needs to be corrected on one vital point. Ken Strong never said, "If we don't get a \$12 raise out of this, they're going to see anarchy in the marketplace."

The next most memorable event in the growth of pro football and the accompanying corporate problems was the day a new batch of Chicago Bears overwhelmed the Washington Redskins 73-0 in the championship game of 1940. Volumes have been written about it. But recently some new and penetrating questions have been posed about that bizarre game by friends of the National Football League Players' Association.

A few examples:

1) The lopsided score may well not be an official NFL championship-game record because the Bears' starting lineup of George Wilson, Lee Artoe, George Musso, Bulldog Turner, Danny Fortmann, Joe Stydahar, Dick Plasman, Sid Luckman, George McAfee, Bill Osanski and Ray Nolting did not contain a single black. Why?

2) George Halas may have openly and flagrantly practiced discrimination against linemen that day because, even though it was evident the Bears could score at will, Halas denied four Bear starters—Artoe, Fortmann, Musso and Wilson—the opportunity to get a touchdown or an extra point. Why?

3) Halas may have practiced further discrimination against the remainder of the team. The squad numbered 33 players and yet only 10 Bears scored the 11 touchdowns and only six different Bears contributed seven extra points. Why?



4) A summary of the scoring reveals that Bulldog Turner, the Bears' immortal center, intercepted a pass and made a touchdown that raised the third-quarter score to 54-0. Why was Turner in the game at this point, risking needless injury that might have shortened his career and earning capacity? One answer—that the Washington Redskins by that time were laughing harder than the Bears—has been deemed wholly unsatisfactory by some members of the NFLPA research committee.

5) The Bears' T formation may have been illegal. It did not have a wide receiver, and Sid Luckman, the quarterback, could not "isolate" on an opposing linebacker. Thus, there was no clear explanation for any Bear touchdown. "Unless a broadcaster or sportswriter can be assured that the quarterback has isolated a fast receiver on a slow linebacker, in the event of a touchdown pass, the reportage of any game, past or present, can only be regarded as fragmentary at best," a spokesman for the NFLPA has pointed out.

6) It was not the fault of the Bear players that their epic 73-0 win occurred in the pretelevision era. It has been estimated that if the sport had enjoyed a wider national appeal at the time, the 1940 Bears, through various marketing devices, would have earned \$8,987,000 more than they did. This money should now be put into a special fund and divided among today's players for preseason games, along with the \$16,576,000 the Redskins' Sammy Baugh could have earned from Superstars and panty-hose commercials.

7) It is conceivable that Baugh's Constitutional rights were abrogated when George Preston Marshall removed him from the game in the third quarter when his team trailed by only 41-0. An arm of the Players Association is said to be working on a proposal to be presented to the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service in which the players will ask that less emphasis be placed on the final scores of games.

The last thing that can be said about that fascinating day is that a California computer analyst hired by the NFL owners has figured out that if the Giants of 1934 and the Redskins of 1940 had been playing the game for the World Football League championship the score would

have been 73-72, it would not have been on the radio, the paid attendance would have been 1,037 and an FBI agent would have gotten the game ball.

Pro football between the end of World War II and full network TV exposure is a montage to most of us: a time when linemen seemed to grow, overnight and collectively, to the size of elephants; when swift black runners came one after the other; when the Laynes and Grahams and Van Brocklins almost made it seem like volleyball.

The game had become sophisticated, but the men who played it were as rowdy as the stories they told on each other. They were still playing out of love instead of for riches.

A Bobby Layne would have said, "Litigation? Ain't that somethin' that sets in after you pull a muscle?"

A "plaintiff" was what you became if the Scotch didn't come across the bar fast enough. If a guy had said he was playing out his option, his teammates would have figured he was selling his home to a stockbroker.

A strike was still a touchdown pass. Harassment was something linebackers did to quarterbacks—when they weren't doing something worse. A negotiation was something that took place in a tavern booth with a blonde. And when a player ran a pass pattern he didn't have to go past the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals.

Historians may well refer to it as the Pre-Rozelle Rule Era.

It may not have been the "Best Game Ever Played." Frank Gifford uncharacteristically fumbled left and right, after all, and 64,185 New Yorkers still say the Giants made that first down in overtime at Yankee Stadium. It was, however, the most important game ever played, for literally millions had become riveted to their TV sets in time to see the Baltimore Colts' Alan Ameche bounce into the dusty, dimming end zone and bring a "sudden death" to the Giants in the championship game of 1958.

If this was the singular event that planted pro football in the American tissue forever, one has to think of all it has been responsible for. In a sense, you can thank or blame the "Best Game Ever Played" for everything on this list:

- The abrupt disappearance of Monday night from your life.
- More ex-athlete TV announcers than meteorologists.
- Howard.
- Wondering what the Rozelle Rule is.
- Ed Garvey.
- *I Thought It Was Only a Game But It Turned Out To Be Omens, Dictatorial and Degrading*, by You Never Heard of Me Before as told to You Never Heard of Me Either. 238 Pages.
- Wondering what a "summary judgment" is.
- Joe Namath's detailed medical history in serial form.
- Dandy Don as a rogue cop.
- Wondering if a "preliminary injunction" will have any effect on season-ticket prices.
- "In exchange for a rookie wide receiver and a future third-round draft choice."
- 270-pound linemen with hair blowers.
- "The kid claims the doctor put him on tanseril and percodan for his bruised thumb."
- Wondering how a quarterback can complete so many passes if his owner and general manager have unfairly restricted him and violated the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.
- Superdome.
- Superstars.
- Super Bowl XXXVI.
- \$214,000 a commercial minute.
- Roone.
- Wondering if the option clause has anything to do with the Rozelle Rule.
- The Mackey Case.
- The Joe Kapp Case.
- "The pension payment suit being brought to trial in Providence, R.I."
- *Rosey Grier's Needlepoint for Men*.
- "Allen never had him to trade in the first place."
- "To date, 32 charges have been filed against NFL's Management Council."
- Counterpicket.
- "If a game is sold out 72 hours prior to kickoff..."
- Player rep.
- "Defendants are the 26 owners, the NFL and Rozelle himself."
- Slow-motion instant replay.
- Captain Randy McNerlin in command of the Goodyear Blimp, *America*.
- Section 12-1-H of the NFL bylaws.
- "Is it Csonka, Warfield and Kick or Csonka, Kick and Warfield?"

continued

PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

- Influence blocking.
- Good on rugs, bad on dirt.
- "Is Foxboro an actual town?"
- Duane.
- Tampa and Seattle.
- "... and then they all left Jim Brown's house on motorcycles."
- Sonny, Fran, Craig, Gabe and Snake.
- "It all started when R. C. Owens played out his option with the 49ers and went to the Colts."
- The NFL revenue-sharing plan.
- "If the game is not played as scheduled. . ."
- Merger.
- Gowdy and DeRogatis.
- Summerall and Glicker.
- "Vince would have said, 'What strike?'"
- Clint, Carroll and Lamar.
- Al Davis.
- "The case challenges the validity of the standard players' contract."
- "O.J. rescues a *scholar*?"
- "No, he started with the Chargers when they were in L.A. Then he went to San Diego, Dallas, Kansas City, Minnesota, Houston, Baltimore and the Rams, in that order."
- "He moves up to second in lifetime completions behind Unitas."
- Three Rivers Memorial County Veterans Riverfront Municipal Metropolitan Stadium.
- "The National Central will meet the American Wild Card, unless it's Buffalo, in which case. . ."
- Shula.
- Otis Sistrunk.
- Zone or Man?
- Front four.
- The Doomsday Defense.
- The Steel Curtain.
- The Purple Gang.
- The Soul Patrol.
- The No-Name Defense.
- The Pack Is Back.
- "I think they all went over to the Palm Bay Club to meet Hornung and Max."
- Blanda.
- "When the three-year trial period on TV blackouts is up at the end of this season. . ."
- "How can Vataha lead the Patriots in a strike when he used to be one of the Seven Dwarfs at Disneyland?"
- The Portland Thunder or Storm vs. the Shreveport Receiverships.
- Tex Starn and Hank Scrum.
- "Namath's press conference is scheduled for. . ."
- Hackensack.
- A 10-year contract, 8% of the club, 14 assistants, a new practice facility, the title of General Managing Coach Partner and a scouting job for his wife's nephew in prison.
- Produced by NFL Films.
- Run to Daylight.
- "We challenge the deep zone."
- "The players agreed to reduce their demands on meal money to \$22 per day."
- 4.4 for the 40.
- "As Carroll was telling us last night at dinner, Gaff, the Rams never doubted for a minute the kid would make it, even though he came into camp at 151 pounds with infectious mono."
- "Isn't it touchdown passes plus yards per completion minus interceptions divided by. . .?"
- "I didn't know that was Tim Brown in the movie."
- Weeb's son-in-law.
- The Hawaiians and Jim Thorpe will resume contract negotiations in the middle of next week.
- Return of Mongo.
- "The jets come over on 'rocket's red glare,' then up go the balloons and white doves."
- Punt, Pass and Kick.
- "That Rozelle would render so controversial a ruling during such a sensitive period. . ."
- The most frequently mentioned cities for expansion now appear to be Tokyo, Manila, Yonkers, Bangkok, Scottsdale and Taos.
- The real issue is "player mobility."
- "Senator, we all look forward to the day when things are as they were when we were growing up; when you picked up the sports page and read about what happened on the field rather than what happened in the courtroom or at the bargaining table."

Nothing seems to sum up the madness of what we have become better than a question asked in so many newspapers by so many readers: Has the world gotten this bad, or is journalism that much better?

As this applies to pro football, only the man at home in front of his TV set can answer it for himself.

Down Where the Play Begins

Not to be confused with the beautiful people in the backfield who do the hair dryer and cologne commercials, centers like the Redskins' Len Hauss (*opposite*) live nose to nose in the bottom of the pit, where reputations—such as they are—depend on guile, muscle, a high threshold of pain and the ability to remember the snap count. Centers suffer arthritis, hyperextended elbow, broken noses, slashed faces, battered hands, stiff backs and heads that ring from the slaps of defensive linemen. There's not much beauty in the middle of the offensive line.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER





Nearly all the plays start with the hunched-over center giving the football a quarter turn, slapping it into the quarterback's hands, then rearing up to block.



Snap completed, Wayne Mulligan of the Jets (above) buys protection time for Quarterback Joe Namath. Mi-

ami's Jim Langer (below) reminds Guard Bob Kuechenberg that he will snap the ball on count two.





Rich Saul of the Rams (left) peers back between his legs and spirals the ball to his punter, Mike Burke, while snap specialist Bill Curry (55, below) fends off two Redskins on a field goal try.



Gambling quarterbacks such as New England's Jim Plunkett (right) make more work for centers. Here Bill Lenkatis (67) clears the way for Plunkett by rubbing out two would-be tacklers.





X Marks the Man in the Middle

by MARK MULVOY

The Superior Court of Alameda County, Department 14, was in session this summer in a third-floor room of the county administration building in downtown Oakland, listening to testimony in the case of Mendenhall vs. the Oakland Raiders *et al.*

"Your honor, the defense pleads call Mr. James Otto."

Jim Otto, ol' Double Zero, wearing a tan leisure suit, a flowered shirt and a pair of brown cowboy boots, walks toward the bailiff, nodding to the members of the jury en route.

"Please place your right hand on the Bible," says the bailiff. "Now raise your left hand. In the testimony you are about to give, do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do."

"You may take the stand."

"Please state your name and occupation," says the defense attorney.

"James E. Otto, Ol'-to. Otto. I play center for the Oakland Raiders."

"How many years have you played for the Oakland Raiders, Mr. Otto?"

"This is my 16th."

"How many years have the Raiders

been in existence here in Oakland, Mr. Otto?"

"This is their 16th." *(Jury fitters.)*

"Have you played in all their games, Mr. Otto?"

"All but one exhibition game against the San Francisco 49ers."

"How many consecutive league games would that be, Mr. Otto?"

"Two hundred and ten."

"Is that a record, Mr. Otto?"

"Yes, sir." *(Jury nods.)*

"Have you ever been chosen All-Pro, Mr. Otto?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many times have you been chosen All-Pro, Mr. Otto?"

"Thirteen." *(Jury nods.)*

"Do the players on the Raiders have any favorite names for you, Mr. Otto?" *(Jury leans forward.)*

"Yes, sir."

"What are they, Mr. Otto?" *(Jury on edge of seats.)*

"They call me Pops, because of my age, and Buckethead, because I wear probably the largest helmet in football." *(Jury roars, laughing. Judge grins. Even Terry Mendenhall, a former Oakland Raider linebacker who was suug the Raiders for breach of contract, cracks a smile.)*

"What's a center, Mr. Otto?"

"Remember that diagram they had on the board here yesterday, the chart with

all the circles and the big X? Well, the center's the X right there in the middle of the line."

Before he finally hung up his aches and pains this month and announced his retirement from pro football, Otto was one of the biggest Mr. Xs in the business. "Everyone knew who Jim Otto was because he wore 00 and they always called him Ol' Double Zero or Ol' Ironman on television," says Pittsburgh's Ray Mansfield. "But what about the rest of us? We're not the beautiful people, like quarterbacks. We don't have hair dryers or get permanents. Take me. With a nice Anglo-Saxon name like Ray Mansfield, I don't have a chance to get any recognition. Now if my name was Brass Bilski or Moose Mazurki, then the whole world would recognize me and I'd probably get voted All-Pro."

Centers deserve a better press, if for no other reason than that they handle the football more than any other player in the game. "If we don't snap the ball right," says Miami's All-Pro Center Jim Langer, "then the play is busted." The backward, underhand, between-the-legs handoff from the center to the quarterback is elementary, Langer admits, but those long-distance spirals to the placement holders and the punters are what he understandably calls "sly." "Trouble is," says New York Jets Coach Charley Winner, "most pro centers never learned how to snap the ball long because they played tackle or guard in college." Otto, for instance, was a linebacker as well as a center at the University of Miami, but when he came to the Raiders, he played exclusively at center. Mansfield, 34, originally played defensive tackle in the NFL, while Langer, 27, a free agent from South Dakota State, signed with Cleveland as a guard after being ignored in the 1970 college draft. Cincinnati's Bob Johnson, however, has been a full-time center ever since his junior year at Bradley County High School in Tennessee. (Underscoring Winner's point, NFL teams selected only five college centers in the first 10 rounds of the 1975 draft.)

Otto, 37, firmly insists that he played with the Raiders for eight years before he mis-snapped a ball to the punter. "I used to do it without looking, too," he says. So, figuring a minimum of 60 punts—and 60 snaps—per season, Otto completed about 480 blind, underhand,

continued

Ironman Jim (00) Otto, creaking with arthritis, retired this year after starting 210 consecutive games for the Raiders.

PRO FOOTBALL

between-the-legs 15-yard passes to the punter in a row.

"Centers live in fear of the bad snap to the kicker or the holder," Langer confesses. "My day still hasn't come, thank God. I've had a few ricochet jobs, but our punter, Larry Seiple, is like Brooks Robinson: he catches everything." Wayne Mulligan, now with the Jets, made a memorable rookie debut with St. Louis by shooting his first snap over the punter's head and bouncing it off the goalpost, resulting in a safety. Johnson clearly remembers a high school game in Chattanooga when one of his long snaps flew out of the end zone and clanged against a tuba in the school band. "I just missed putting it in the tuba," he says.

Centers get recognition only "when we mess up," Mansfield argues. "Remember the famous frostbite game up in Green Bay between the Packers and the Cowboys when Bart Starr scored on a quarterback sneak in the closing seconds to win the NFL championship? Jerry Kramer, the Green Bay right guard, got all the publicity for blocking out Jethro Pugh and making way for Starr. What people don't know is that Kenny Bowman, the center, slid over and double-teamed Pugh on the play. Heck, Bowman rammed into Pugh's belt and drove him back. But that one play put Kramer into the horizon—and nobody ever heard about what Bowman did."

Centers for the most part avoid serious injury, although Cincinnati's Bob Johnson suffered a broken ankle last year. "Centers get hit a lot, like boxers," he says, "and fighters don't usually break bones. I broke my ankle when I was clipped on a punt."

"We really do have a low injury rate, all things considered," Langer says. "After all, we rarely do any high-speed tackling or hitting: everything is just a strength match down there in the pits. Sure, a head slap stings, and it may leave you wondering where you are, but it doesn't hurt. Of course, we all have the center's normal injuries."

Jim Otto suffers from arthritis in his shoulders, hands, knees and feet. "In every bone," he says. Otto also has had five knee operations, three on the left and two on the right; two elbow operations, one on each side; and more broken noses than he can remember. The upper knuckles of both hands are a mass of scar tissue. He cannot straighten his left hand, and the little finger on that hand looks

like a corkscrew. "Now that I'm retired," he jokes, "I'm going to get a job squeezing oranges." Otto also has a strained cartilage near his sternum that pains him noticeably when he tries to take a deep breath. His toes are all bent under. He has lost a number of teeth, and he stopped counting when the number of stitches sewn onto his frame passed 100. "I guess I've got at least 60 in my face," he says. And his neck is one enormous callus. The day before Otto reported to his 16th—and last—Oakland training camp he was swimming in the pool in his backyard in suburban Fremont and accidentally cut his right hand. Sally Otto shook her head. "Couldn't you wait until you get to practice before you start to bleed?" she said.

Most centers have hyperextended elbows. "They've ruined my golf game," says Ray Mansfield. "Between all the centering and snapping we do and all the punishment we take while blocking, our elbows get ruined." Or, as Otto says, "Elbows weren't built to take the pounding we give or the pounding we get. I can't even straighten out my left elbow." Langer, a center for only four seasons, has not reached the hyperextended stage yet, but he suspects it is near. "My elbows get sorer every week," he says. Although centers wouldn't get so banged up if they wore more pads and tape, they unanimously eschew extra protection.

"A lot of guards tape their arms so they become like ramrods," Langer says, "but we can't do that because we need that loose feeling over the ball. Take me. We play most of our games on Poly-Turf or AstroTurf or whatever they want to call it, so I end up with a lot of abrasions and burns on my hands. I also like to block by jamming my fists under the other guy's shoulder pads, however, a lot of times my hands slide off and hit his helmet or his face mask. So my hands are always hurting. I'd like to pad them, but then I wouldn't be able to center the ball right."

Otto never wore hip pads, saying "they were too uncomfortable." He did wear a collar around his 19½-inch neck. "I should wear one, too," Mansfield says, "because I broke my neck when I was in college. But I just can't move my neck back when I put one of those clumsy things on." Otto also wore no pads on his forearms. "I liked to use my arms as battering rams against the other guys," he says. One time a rival stepped on

Otto's right forearm and a cleat pierced the skin and left him with a gash that needed 12 stitches. "It looked like a raw piece of meat," he says. Did Otto remove himself from the game?

"Probably not," says Oakland Coach John Madden. "When Otto got injured in a game, he'd spit on it, rub some dirt on it and go on playing."

Injuries aside, the center's job is more complicated than a Cosell explanation. Let's start in the Oakland huddle. "Far right 69 boom man on three," Quarterback Ken Stabler barks to the Raiders. By "far right" Stabler means that he wants the flanker and the tight end to line up out on the right side. By "69" he means he wants the "6" back (fullback) to run through the "9" hole (outside left tackle); in other words, it is a running play to the weak side. By "boom" Stabler means he wants his other running back to handle the linebacker with a boom block, moving him toward the sideline. By "man" he means he wants man-for-man blocking in the offensive line. And by "3" he means he wants his center to snap the ball on the third "hut," thus initiating the play.

"The center basically controls the type of blocking done by the offensive line," Otto says. "If I got to the line and saw that the defense had set up in such a way that 'man' blocking would not work, I was supposed to change the blocking assignment. The blocking pattern was predicated on what I saw in the defensive front. I stood pretty straight-legged," he adds. "The quarterback didn't have to bend over too far to get under me. My body weight was equally distributed between my feet, too, so I was always ready to move in any direction without difficulty."

Before bending over, Otto, like all centers, checked the football, which the referee sets so that the ends point to the end zones. Bending down, Otto rotated the ball so he could place his right thumb over the laces, let the rest of his right hand fall naturally into place, then put his left hand under the ball. "The right thumb is the most important part of the grip because it actually controls the movement of the football," Mansfield says. Otto then waited for Stabler to call signals.

Like all teams, the Raiders employ a nonrhythmic count: there is no pattern to the intervals between the quarterback's calls of "hut." "On this play,"

Otto says, "all I knew was that I was supposed to center the ball on the third 'hut.' I didn't know when the third 'hut' would come, and I couldn't anticipate it either because the quarterback might check off and call a new play at the line. When the time came, I centered the ball on the 'h'—not the 'f'—of the third count."

While Langer agrees that a non-rhythmic count may confuse the opposition, he suggests that it also confuses the center. "It happened to me—or at least I think I was the one who was confused—in an exhibition game. I centered the ball on what I thought was the right count, but the quarterback, a rookie named Craig Curry, didn't take it. The defensive line had moved, of course, and there I was holding the ball between my legs. So I went straight ahead and gained three or four yards. It was an illegal play, but the officials thought I had picked up a fumble or something, so I got away with it."

Otto centered the ball with his right hand. "As my right hand went back with the ball on it," he says, "my left forearm moved forward. The ball moved slightly—less than three feet all told—and while moving it back I turned it one quarter so that it arrived at the quarterback with the laces up." Also, with the ball turned sideways, its ends pointed toward the sidelines. Mansfield works the ball much the same way, but Langer grips the ball with only his right hand.

"I'm left-handed to begin with," he says, "and you can't center the ball to a right-handed quarterback like Bob Griese with your left hand because the laces will come up the wrong way, so I just rest my left hand idly over my knee." Otto would seem to have been faced with a similar problem because he centered the ball with his right hand to the left-handed Stabler. Stabler, however, made all the necessary corrections himself once he snatched the ball from Otto. Joe Namath is not very picky either: Mulligan says that Namath simply wants him to turn the football so that the valve will not be under his grip.

Having disposed of the football, and with his left forearm already in a battering-ram position, Otto moved to execute his blocking assignment. Fun time, the centers call their blocking moments. "Trouble is, our job keeps changing with all these three-man defensive fronts that teams are using," Mansfield says. "Now there's more for us to do. I used to love

the old standard four-man lines because most of the time there was no one for us to hit. Oh, we used to pick up a guy here and there, but our job was pretty easy. Now it's ridiculous. The defensive linemen are looping all around and we never know where the hell they are, while the linebackers keep plugging and jumping and creating all kinds of confusion. Most of these three-man lines like to put someone dead-on against the center, too. Sugar Bear Hamilton of New England lined up so close to me in one game last year that he bumped my helmet. I could even smell his breath. I was sure glad he didn't eat garlic before the game."

Langer sympathizes with Mansfield. "Guys like Hamilton try to avoid you and beat you at the same time," he says. "I like the big punishing kind of defensive linemen because the longer they beat on me, which they like to do, the longer it takes them to get to the quarterback or the ballcarrier." Otto classifies defensive linemen and linebackers by their tactics. "First of all, there are the grabbers and jerkers," he says. "They grab you by the jersey, jerk you, then try to go around you. Then there are the guys who like to club you or slap you with an open hand or a forearm to the head, then try to roll around you. And there are the head butters who simply run straight at you with their head down and try to bowl you over."

Langer remembers a pro bowl game in which Minnesota's Alan Page and Los Angeles' Merlin Olsen double-teamed him on one play and left him feeling "like a train wreck." "One of them slapped me off balance, the other jerked me away—and then they flooded through," he recalls. "It's all part of the game, but my head didn't stop ringing for weeks." Johnson encountered 6'9", 275-pound Ernie Ladd early in his pro career and smartly concluded that some defensive linemen are not to be fooled with. "Ladd was going around me," Johnson says. "So I gave him a leg whip and brought him down. I didn't think much about it, but then on the next play Ernie hit me under the chin with the back of his hand and cut me for 10 stitches. I had the dizzies the rest of the day. I told myself that if he can do that anytime he wants, and I had no doubts that he could, then I was in a world of trouble."

Mansfield once had to have his face mask extricated from Alex Karras' jersey, but he believes his best encounters

were against Dick Butkus of the Bears. "It started back in college, when I was playing at Washington and Butkus was at Illinois," Mansfield says. "We had never liked one another from the beginning. Well, we go into Chicago for the opening game in 1971, and on Sunday morning I went down and bought the local newspapers for the first time in my career. There was this big spread on Butkus, 'MEAN DICK BUTKUS,' the headline read. There were 10 pages on Butkus. Ten pages. The story and the pictures showed how he prepared for a game and how he went to Mass, and all that. Then Butkus said, 'The first thing I see when I think about Pittsburgh is Ray Mansfield, and he's the holdenest SOB in the world. When I see Mansfield, all I see are two grimy hands. Mansfield taught me everything I know about big-time football, when I kicked his rear in a college game out in Seattle.'"

"Butkus and I went at it all that afternoon, and we had good fun. Then I recovered a fumble and—crash!—there was this elbow buried in my neck. And here was this voice crying, 'That'll teach you, you dirty SOB.' It was Butkus, of course. I had the blind staggers and couldn't even find our huddle, but I told him, 'Dick, it didn't even hurt.' Hell it didn't."

Otto recovered a fumble a while ago, too, and after the game his wife Sally told him he should have picked up the ball and scooted for a touchdown instead of merely falling on it and holding on for dear life. "No way," he says. "I got my touchdown thrill when Marv Hubbard scored against the Lions last season. I grabbed the ball and set a record for the highest spike. I don't think the ball has come down yet."

Back in superior court Jim Otto's testimony ended hilariously during the cross-examination when the plaintiff's attorney tried to limit Otto's discourse in response to a direct question. As Otto rambled on, the attorney tried to confine his response to a narrow point. Otto moved forward in his seat, bringing the jurors forward with him. "Hey, wait a minute," he snapped, "you wanted the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God, and I'm going to give you the whole truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Your honor," said the defense attorney, "I have no further questions."

CONTINUED

Scouting Reports

AMERICAN

Central



Burring a lot of weird happenings like, oh, Joe Greene forgetting to take his mean pills and L.C. Greenwood discarding his gold football shoes, the Super Bowl champion Pittsburgh Steelers could so intimidate the remainder of the division by the opening kickoff that the regular season would become academic. But this is a division where weird happenings have been known to take place. For example, the Houston Oilers have a new coach who wears a crew cut and is already a Bum, even though he has not yet lost his first game; the Cincinnati Bengals' best defensive player quit, unable to resist the lure of the almighty piano; and the Cleveland Browns have been introduced to a new formula for success: grass sniffing and cravat tying.

Pittsburgh Coach Chuck Noll, the man who almost never smiles or talks, enjoyed the Super Bowl triumph for the three minutes or so that it took the Steelers to carry him from the field in New Orleans, then promptly retired to his projection rooms for six months to pick out the malfunction in his football machine. After a complete review, however, he decided, wisely, not to tinker; in fact, Pittsburgh will start the same players who opened the Super Bowl game and will carry only three rookies. As Fran Tarkenton discovered last January, the Pittsburgh defense is the most destructive force in football; it led the NFL in fewest yards given up last season, limiting harried rivals to 219.6 per game, and also forced a league-high 38 fumbles and recorded a league-high 52 sacks. In the Super Bowl, the Steelers restricted Minnesota to 119 yards, including an embarrassing 17 on the ground.

Although Greene tops the front four in publicity, Ernie (Fat) Holmes and Greenwood had more sacks, with 11½ and 11, respectively. Mean Joe had only nine while End Dwight White had 3½. This statistic, however, is about as meaningful as number of pancakes eaten, season. They can all wolf 'em down. Greenwood had decided his golden boots were meant for walking and signed with the upstart World Football League, but has since returned to the fold to keep last season's best defensive line intact. Seems the WFL couldn't support L.C. in the style to which he had grown accustomed, which is bad news for NFL quarterbacks.

The Pittsburgh linebackers hunt heads with the same ferocity as the front four; in fact, most Steelers think Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert is meaner than Mean Joe. Working between All-Pro Jack Ham and 10-year veteran Andy Russell, Lambert displayed Butkus-like tendencies as a rookie last season when he led the Steelers in tackles. What about the Butkus comparisons? "I don't go around biting fingers," says Lambert. The Pittsburgh secondary is solid but less spectacular, with Mel Blount and J.T. Thomas at

QUARTERBACK KEN ANDERSON
CINCINNATI BENGALS

the corners and Mike Wagner and Glen Edwards at safety.

Noll insists that Terry Bradshaw is the official starting quarterback after his performance in the playoffs and the Super Bowl. Sure he is—until he has a bad game or a bad half, then it will be Joe Gilliam, and when he has a few bad moments, it will be back to Bradshaw—or maybe even to odd-man-out Terry Hanratty. For passing targets, the Pittsburgh troika will count heavily on Lynn Swann and Frank Lewis, elusive John Stallworth and Tight End Larry Brown. For protection, the quarterback, whoever he is, will get hours of pocket time, compliments of the industrious but unrecognized firm of Kolb, Gravelle, Clack, Mullins and Mansfield.

Hear! Hear! The Steelers may have one trifling weakness: a lack of depth at running back behind Franco Harris and Rocky Bleier. Harris rushed for 1,006 yards in the regular season, then destroyed the Vikings with 158 yards to win the Super Bowl's MVP award. Bleier gained a starting job in mid-schedule, rushed for 98 yards in the AFC title game at Oakland and 65 more in the Super Bowl. Frenchy Fuqua may help if he can avoid injuries like the broken wrists that sidelined him near the end of the 1974 season. However, onetime starter Steve Davis never reported to camp and was traded to the Jets, leaving a possible opening for rookie Mike Collier, a 215-pound bruiser from Morgan State. Preston Pearson fully expected to find a spot on the roster; if not as a running back, as a kick returner, and if not as a kick returner, as a defensive back, but he was cut this week.

Down in Houston, O. A. Phillips is this year's designated coach of the Oilers, replacing the retired Sid Gillman, who was last year's D.C. The Oilers change coaches about as often as Jack Nicklaus was golf tournaments; in fact, they have had five different ones in the last six seasons. Phillips is easy enough to locate on the TV sidelines: he's the guy with the crew cut and the powder-blue ostrich-skin cowboy boots with the Oiler insignia. Call him Bunt. Everybody does.

Last year the Oilers were floundering, per custom, until Gillman acquired Curley Culp from Kansas City. With Culp teaming up front with Ends Tody Smith and Elvin Bethea to form the best three-man line in the NFL, Houston won six of its last eight games, including a 13-10 decision over the Steelers, and finished with a 7-7 record. In the three previous seasons the Oilers won a total of six games. "Culp just walked in here, put his hands on the ground and banged heads," Phillips says. To help the overworked front three, Houston beefed up its already-strong corps of linebackers with top draft choice Robert Brazile, a 6'4", 235-pound hawker from Jackson State. "My natural instincts keep me around the football," Brazile says. "I'm not happy unless I'm on top of the guy with the ball."

Phillips has serapped Gillman's voluminous playbook and entrusted the Houston attack to Quarterback Dan Pastorini. "We had too many plays and run them all bad," Phillips says. "We had the worst running attack in the league. Now we'll run just a few plays and try to run them well." Maturing under the tutelage of King Hill, Pastorini started the last 10 games of the season and cut his interception rate in half. "Dan's beginning to reflect King's temperament, too," Phillips says. "No more temper tantrums." Pastorini's receivers are exceptional, particularly Kenny

Burrough, Billy Parks, Billy Johnson, rookie Emmett Edwards and Tight End Mack Alston. Rookie Don Hardeman will surely make Houston's heretofore nonexistent running game go, if he plays up to his own expectations. "I'll start," Hardeman says. "and I'll make Dan Pastorini an All-Pro." The Oilers call Hardeman "Jaws," a tribute to his proclivity. They should call him "Cheeks." The week he entered training camp he came down with mumps. Phillips has tried to rebuild the Houston offensive line around Tackle Greg Simpson, but the Oilers still lack the offense to compete with Pittsburgh.

Cincinnati has a questionable defense now that Mike Reid is playing folk-rock music on the piano regularly instead of defensive tackle. Last season the Bengals failed to replace traded Middle Linebacker Bill Bergey, and the combination of no middle backers and a ward full of crippled players helped consign the Bengals to a 7-7 season. Reid, it seems, got all the publicity, which the rest of the front four resented. So now Sherman White, Ken Johnson, Ron Carpenter and Bill Kollar—the new front—can chase the bull-carriers and headlines by themselves. Cincinnati's linebacking was porous without the ubiquitous Bergey, and will be again unless top draftee Glenn Cameron can plug the middle. However, the defensive secondary, featuring Tommy Casanova and Lemar Parrish, is solid.

The Bengals have football's most efficient quarterback, computer-programmed Ken Anderson, who completed 64.9% of his passes, had only 3% intercepted and compiled 95.9 quarterback-rating points, whatever that means. Anderson's bomb game is explosive, featuring Wide Receiver Isaac Curtis, who caught 30 passes for 633 yards and 10 touchdowns, Chip Myers and Bob Trumpy. Unfortunately, the running game is so suspect that Coach Paul Brown may have to experiment with a rhinoceros backfield of Boobie Clark and Ed Williams, two 245-pound plodders. To make matters worse, Brown traded Placekicker Horst Muhlmann to Philadelphia, leaving the job to Punter Dave Green, of whom it may be said that he is a good punter. The good news is that Center Bob Johnson, who anchors a solid offensive line, has completely recovered from his broken ankle.

Up the road in Cleveland, new coach and old Packer Forrest Gregg introduced the Browns to Lombardi-style grass drills in camp, hoping to toughen them up. He also has made jackets and ties mandatory on the road, hoping, perhaps, to soften them up. The Browns may win the best-dressed team award but not much else, in fact, Cleveland may not equal last year's 4-10 record.

What the Browns need most of all is consistent quarterbacking from Mike Phipps or Brian Sipe, both of whom are being tutored by retired head coach Blanton Collier. Greg Pruitt is the running game, and the passing is so weak that the new Browns will concentrate heavily on a two-tight-end attack. Defensively, Tackle Jerry Shirk handles the middle, while 6'8", 250-pound rookie Mack Mitchell ought to help the pass rush. The linebackers are capable, particularly Bob Babich in the middle, but the secondary is depleted now that Free Safety Thome Darden has been lost for the season with a knee injury. So forget Cleveland—unless something weird happens, of course.

—MARK MULVOY

CONTINUED

West AMERICAN



LINERBACKER WILLIE LANIER
KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

"We used to say that we'd take one thing at a time," says 39-year-old John Madden, now starting his seventh season as head coach of the Oakland Raiders. "It was one practice at a time, one game at a time, and we would never mention what our ultimate goal was. But this year is different. Now, from the start, the ultimate goal is the Super Bowl."

Pro football coaches are supposed to look beyond next Sunday only on the day of the college draft. But if Madden's statement seems outrageous, it is an honest reaction born of long frustration and heightened ambition. During the past eight years, Oakland has an .800 winning percentage in regular-season games and seven division titles—and wound up the year with a loss, regarded scornfully as "the team that can't win the big one."

This year may be no different, but it is more than likely that the Raiders will win another division crown. Denver, replete with new faces, should challenge, while San Diego continues to improve and Kansas City starts the long, tough road back under new Coach Paul Wiggins. But Oakland has too much strength. The Raiders can certainly win the "little one."

Led by Quarterback Ken Stabler, the AFC's Most Valuable Player, the Oakland offense again will be a mixture of explosion and ball control. In recurrent refutation of the

saw that left-handers are inaccurate, last season Stabler led the NFL with 26 touchdown passes, completed 57.4%, and had a siring of 143 attempts without an interception. The Raiders are 22-6-1 in games in which Stabler has started, and Madden expects the team to do even better.

The Oakland receivers may be the best in the game. Cliff Branch, the wrathlike sprinter who became a starter for the first time last season, gained 1,092 yards and scored 13 touchdowns while catching 60 passes. Fred Biletnikoff, who seems to have eyes in his feet the better to see the sidelines, caught 42 for 593 yards and seven touchdowns—the eighth straight year he has had 40 or more receptions. Tight End Bob Moore, who is being pressed for his job by Dave Casper, snagged 30 passes for 356 yards; and Mike Siani, who sat out most of last season with an injury after catching 45 in 1973, is healthy again. As if the Raiders weren't deep enough in receivers, Morris Bradshaw has had a superb preseason.

Oakland had the third-best rushing attack in the NFL last year, led by Marv Hubbard's 865 yards and Clarence Davis' 554. There should be no falloff even though Center Dave Dalby, 6'3", 250, will replace Jim Otto, who retired. Backing up Hubbard and Davis are Harold Hart, the sensation of camp, rookie Louis Carter, a No. 3 pick from

continued

The heroes of your childhood haven't vanished. They've become grandfathers.



This is dedicated to everyone who, growing up in the 1950's, lived, ate, slept and dreamt baseball.

Life was simpler then. Between the baseball cards and the hours spent watching the local heroes on TV, you managed to organize your life very neatly. Everything fell in either of two categories: (1) baseball and (2) everything else. And there was no reason to believe things would ever change.

Incredible as it seems, that was almost two decades ago.

And over the years, something strange happened: the future arrived.

You can't postpone the future.

If all that time can slip by so fast, imagine how quickly the next

several years will pass.

That's why we'd like to urge you to get ready for them.

And that's where Metropolitan Life can help.

We don't just insure your life. We help insure your future.

You're probably hoping to send your children to college. We can provide insurance that can help make it possible.

Or maybe you'd like to build the vacation home you've always promised yourself. Your Metropolitan insurance can help.

Or maybe, instead of retiring, you'll decide to start a second career or your own business. We help make that possible, too.

In fact, two out of every three dollars we pay out in benefits go to

living policyholders—to help pay for their future.

He who hesitates pays higher premiums.

At Metropolitan Life, we insure over forty million people. We've been helping people prepare for the future for 107 years. But while much has changed over that time, one fact about personal life insurance is always the same:

The sooner you begin, the less it costs every year.

See your Metropolitan representative. Soon.

Because the future gets closer every minute.

 **Metropolitan**
Where the future is now

PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

Maryland whose special talent is the option pass, and Pete Banaszak, a 10-year veteran.

The most impressive new face on the Raiders, however, is that of Ted Hendricks, the 6'7", 220-pound All-Pro outside linebacker who played for Green Bay last season. With a talent for intercepting passes and blocking kicks, Hendricks figures to make Oakland a point tougher per game. Another linebacking change has Monte Jackson, 6'5", 240 pounds, replacing Oan Corners in the middle.

Oakland's secondary yielded but 12 touchdown passes last year to tie a team record, even though Willie Brown, the veteran cornerback, missed six games. This season Skip Thomas, George Atkinson and Jack Tatum may be challenged by Neal Colzie and Charles Phillips, the Nos. 1 and 2 draft choices. Colzie from Ohio State and Phillips from USC both excelled in exhibition games.

In the kicking department, the Raiders have Ray Guy, whose 42.2-yard punting average led the NFL, and George Blanda, who celebrates his 48th birthday this week. Madden has no worries that Blanda has lost his touch. "He'll be O.K.," Madden says. "He was supposed to be too old to play this game 15 years ago."

Oakland won the division last year in 10 weeks, the football equivalent of clinching a pennant in the first week of August. It could take the Raiders a little longer this time, but they mean to have their longest season.

So, too, do the Denver Broncos, who have made a number of changes as a result of last year's disappointing 7-6-1 finish. Coach John Ralston blames himself for not realizing you can't stand pat in the NFL.

"I confess very freely to making a cardinal error," Ralston says. "I guess it's part of paying your tuition in the National Football League. The previous year we had played Oakland for the division championship in the final game of the season and we lost by four points. I'm thinking, 'Geez, we're only four points out of the division championship; this is going to be a snap. All we've got to do is keep the squad together and do a little better job of coaching and we're going to be in the whole deal.' Well, it just doesn't work that way. You've got to be making changes every year and I made hardly any."

This year Ralston has dealt away eight veterans, junked the three-man defensive rush, shuffled his linebackers and installed Louis Wright, the No. 1 draft choice from San Jose State, at left cornerback.

Four out of Denver's first five draft choices went for the defensive help Ralston needs to reduce the 294 points, 88 third-down completions and 265 first downs the team gave up last year. The return of veteran Tackle Paul Smith, who was out with a snapped Achilles tendon in '74, should stiffen the defense. The linebacking also has been upgraded with the addition of rookie Bob Swenson, who was signed as a free agent from California.

The offense needed fewer repairs, principally because of Dan Armstrong, who gained a league-leading 1,407 yards last season. Armstrong, who scored nine touchdowns and averaged 5.3 yards a carry, is contemplating a 2,000-yard season. Teaming with him is Jon Keyworth, a 6'3", 235-pound battering ram who led the AFC in rushing touchdowns with 10. In reserve is Floyd Little, looking like the '72 model again.

Quarterback Charley Johnson threw for 18 touchdowns despite sporadic protection. "We feel this way about Charley," Ralston says. "He won't carry a team, but he can win in this league consistently if you have a good defense and a good solid running game."

Denver has the best tight end in football in Riley Odoms, who led the club with 42 receptions for 639 yards and six touchdowns, and competent wide receivers in Haven Moses and Billy Van Husen, who also does the punting. Rookies Jack O'Brien and Rich Upchurch gave the Broncos outside speed for the first time. Dolbin is a tough refugee from the WFL Chicago Fire, for whom he played several games with a broken jaw. His first catch as a Bronco went for a 93-yard touchdown in the Colt exhibition. On a previous play he had suffered a broken nose.

At San Diego, Tommy Prothro has an outfit barely older than those he coached at Oregon State and UCLA. Fully half of his 43-man roster are rookies or second-year men.

The Chargers' basic strength is an offensive line that opens good holes for Oon Woods, the AFC Rookie of the Year, who in 12 games gained 1,162 yards. Woods' running mates, unfortunately, are not nearly as skilled. Prothro's primary concern is his quarterbacking. Dan Fouts has had a history of injuries. Jesse Fretas has yet to show a take-charge attitude, and Virgil Carter is trying to get on track after a year in the WFL. They are helped, however, by Gary Garrison, one of the league's best receivers, and Dwight McDonald, a rookie from Utah who looks good despite the fact that he wasn't drafted because scouts said he was too slow.

Three rookies will figure prominently in Prothro's front four: Fred Denn, Louie Keleher and the team's No. 1 draftee, Gary (Big Hand) Johnson. Prothro is encouraged by the performances of Keleher and Johnson, who have been particularly impressive for youngsters.

At Kansas City, Wiggins has inherited a club that is decidedly long in the tooth, with the exception of the offensive line. His major problem will be finding a successor to Quarterback Len Dawson, who at the age of 40 has lost little of his class but some of his durability. Dawson's backups are Tony Adams from the WFL and Mike Livingston.

The Chiefs' strength is the defensive backfield, with All-Pro Linebacker Willie Lanier coming out of retirement and Emmitt Thomas, the NFL interception leader, at cornerback. The running game is built around last year's rookie flash, Woody Green. Morris LaGrand, a newcomer from Tampa, looks stylish at fullback, and Cleophus Miller had a late surge of good running last year. Ed Podaluk, long the main cog in the running attack, will alternate with Green, and Jeff Kinney will back up MacArthur Lane, who was obtained from Green Bay. On the receiving end will be Otis Taylor, the Chiefs' big-play man since 1965.

Wiggins, who replaces Hank Stram, Kansas City's only coach until he was fired last year, has brought a measure of informality to the job. He has done away with Stram's ban on beards, mustaches and the like, and most players, if not all, are pleased with the change.

Wiggins won't have to wait long to find out how the Chiefs are going to shape up. Four of the first six games are against division rivals.

—RON REID

CONTINUED

How to tap a great tradition.



It's an unexpected pleasure.

By ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • SINCE 1896

If you aren't getting More, you're getting less.



Does your cigarette measure up?

What's so more about More, the first 120mm cigarette? The cigarette that's more in every way except price.

Long, lean and burnished brown, More has more style. It has more flavor. It has more. Over 50% more puffs than most 100mm cigarettes. Yet More doesn't cost more.

And whether you smoke regular or menthol cigarettes, you can get More going for you. Because both More and More Menthol deliver quality like you've never experienced before.

They smoke slower and draw easy for more enjoyment. They're more flavorful. Yet they're surprisingly mild.

They're More.

More and More Menthol. They sit neat in your hand like they were made for it and fit your face like they found a home.



The first 120mm cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL 21 mg "tar", 1.6 mg nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

AMERICAN

East

Hold the flowers. Scrap the black armbands. Forget the moments of silence. All those funeral reports proclaiming the death of the Miami Dolphins may be greatly exaggerated. Despite the flight of Larry Csonka, Jim Kick and Paul Warfield to the WFL and the loss of All-Pro Safety Dick Anderson and Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti because of injuries, the Dolphins are alive and mostly well in Miami, maybe even alive enough to win their fifth straight title in the NFL's toughest division. This time, though, Miami's Dol-fans will not be waving their white handkerchiefs so often. Indeed, the Buffalo Bills, with O.J. Simpson and his bodyguard Reggie McKenzie; the New York Jets, with Joe Willie Brutt; and even the New England Patriots, if Jim Plunkett's shoulder heals quickly, could ease the Dolphins out of first. Only Baltimore cannot finish at the top.

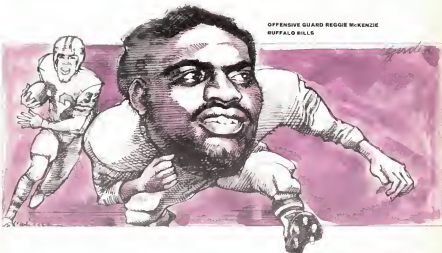
But don't worry too much about Miami. In the past Coach Don Shula has always been a masterful adapter in the face of sudden personnel crises; remember Tom Matte at quarterback for the Colts in 1965? "What we'll do this season is anyone's guess," says Shula. "We're keeping our options open. Without that big Csonka, though, it's pretty obvious that we won't be able to play ball control for long periods like we used to and, as a result, we'll probably have to throw a lot more."

Barrel-bodied Don Nottingham, rookie Stan Wafrey and old hand Norm Bulaich will provide Miami with at least adequate power from Csonka's position; they all run faster than Csonka but lack his bullishness and block-reading ability. Miami's other running spot is in good feet with power sprinters Mercury Morris and Benny Malone. However, if Bob Griese is forced to throw long too often, Miami may indeed be in trouble. Swift Nat Moore caught 37 passes for 605 yards as a rookie last year, but now he will inherit the double coverage that Warfield attracted. Barring a likely early-season trade, veteran Howard Twilley, strictly a short threat, and Rookie Fred Solomon, an outstanding quarterback at Tampa but now a receiver in Miami, will share the other wide receiver spot. Solomon also will specialize as a kick-and-punt returner. What all this means is that Griese's principal target most likely will be Tight End Jim Mandich, who caught 33 passes and scored six touchdowns last year.

Otherwise, the Dolphin offense is secure. All-Pro Jim Langer at center and Larry Little at guard anchor the game's best offensive line, and rookie Darryl Carlton provides needed backup strength at tackle. After battling Pittsburgh's L.C. Greenwood in the College All-Star Game, Carlton said, "With a little coaching, L.C. knows I'd run him off the

continued

OFFENSIVE GUARD REGGIE MCKENZIE
BUFFALO BILLS



PRO FOOTBALL continued

field." Defensively, Miami went AWOL too frequently last season after master tactician Bill Arnsparger left to coach the Giants. "We made twice as many errors as we did the year before," Shula admits. If Tackle Manny Fernandez stays healthy and if Mike Kolen can handle Baconiconi's job at middle linebacker, the defense should snap back.

Nevertheless, the Dolphin defections understandably stirred considerable optimism in Buffalo, primarily because the Bills had not defeated a C-sonka-powered team in 10 straight games. But disaster struck the Bills during the exhibition schedule: a broken collarbone sidelined All-Pro Safety Tony Greene all of the preseason, and All-Pro Cornerback Robert James was lost for the season with torn ligaments in his right knee. Even when Greene and James were available, and counting the addition of Defensive End Pat Toomay from Dallas, the Buffalo defense was semi-suspect because of a lack of quality linebackers. Coach Lou Saban traded away starters Jim Cheyanski and Dave Washington, apparently planning to replace them with top drafts Tom Ruud and Bob Nelson of Nebraska. Trouble is, Saban did not sign Ruud or Nelson until the middle of the exhibition season, by which time they had missed valuable learning sessions, as the coaches like to say. So Buffalo's only experienced linebacker is John Skourup.

On a cheerier note, O.J. Simpson is taking a vacation from his movie, television, endorsement and Superstars careers and will concentrate strictly on carrying a pigskin for the next few months. O.J., who slumped from a record 2,003 rushing yards in 1973 to just 1,125 yards last year, was unusually testy in training camp; one day, in fact, he threw both a football and a quick jab at a rookie who had grabbed him during a workout. All winter Saban insisted that Joe Ferguson would open as his regular quarterback despite the fact that he played poorly at the end of last season. If Ferguson continues to perform erratically, Saban may shift to second-year pro Gary Marangi. Marangi, from Boston College, may prove less reluctant to put the ball into the air. Last year two outstanding wide receivers, Alvin Rashad and J.D. Hill, were almost wasted, catching only 36 and 32 passes respectively and unfortunately Rashad won't be catching any this year since he's injured and out for the season. Up front the Bills are solid, led by O.J.'s irrepressible escort, McKenzie, at guard. O.J. goes where Reggie goes. "We're going for 2,000 yards again," McKenzie says.

One thing for certain in New York: Joe Willie Namath will never sink out Shea Stadium, not even if he throws a dozen interceptions in a game that the Jets lose by 10 touchdowns. Namath, remember, signed a multimillion-dollar promotional contract with a cosmetics firm a few days before he signed his new two-year \$900,000 contract with the Jets. Once again Joe will work with what Don Shula calls "the quickest strike force in football," as the Jets try to prove that last season's six straight wins in the final six weeks were not so much cologne. The Jets have lost David Knight, who caught 40 passes for 579 yards a year ago, for at least the first four weeks because of a knee injury, but Jerome Barkum (41 receptions) and Richard Caster (38) both know how to smell out a football in traffic. In the past, New York has had strong inside running from both John Riggins and Emerson Boozer but lacked the threat of the breakaway jaunt, newcomers Bob Gresham, Steve Davis and Carl

Garrett may introduce some quickness to the Jets attack.

Coach Charley Winner has drastically changed New York's defensive philosophy. No longer will the Jets try to contain the opposition with a front four so small that it could pass for a high school line. Winner beefed up the defense by acquiring 6'5", 260-pound Billy Newsome and 6'6", 255-pound Jim Bailey in trades, and they will team with 6'6", 280-pound Carl Barnauskas and other behemoths to give the Jets a pro-sized front. Godwin Turk strengthens the linebacking on the left side, and the secondary is sound.

For seven weeks last fall New England's victory-starved football addicts were checking plane schedules to New Orleans, but the 6-1 Patriots folded like the Red Sox had a few months earlier and finished with a 7-7 record. Actually, the Patriots still could have made the playoffs if they hadn't lost two games to Buffalo by a total of three points. Now the Pats are back with their three-man line and their blitzing linebackers and their hit-and-run offense, and if injuries don't decimate them again, they could be in the playoffs. Coach Chuck Fairbanks still needs relief for Defensive Linemen Sugar Bear Hamilton and Julius Adams; they both gave out from overwork toward the end of last season when injuries sidelined their substitutes. However, Fairbanks has bolstered his linebacking corps with Steve Zabel from Philadelphia, Rodrigo Barnes from Dallas and No. 2 draft Rod Shoute from Oklahoma, but the secondary has been weakened by the unexpected retirement of Safety Jack Mildren.

Second-year man Neil Graft, with about 2.5 minutes of NFL experience but a perfect one-for-one completion record, fills in for the injured Plunkett, and the Patriots get most of their important attackers off the injured list. Running Back Sam Cunningham (broken leg), Wide Receiver Darryl Singletary (broken arm) and Tight End Bob Windsor (shattered knee) all were lost at critical times last year, leaving the offense to Plunkett and Running Back Mini Mack Herron. Herron had to return kicks and punts, rush the ball and catch it, too, and he set an NFL record of 2,444 yards. For added offensive effect, the Patriots have top draft Russ Francis, a 6'6", 240-pound tight end with sprinter's speed. However, they have lost their best offensive lineman, Tackle Tom Neville, who broke a leg.

The Baltimore Colts may not win many games, but new Coach Ted Marchibroda will always be a hero in crabcake country. The Steelers, remember, kept Marchibroda one year and released a rookie from Louisville by the name of Johnny Unitas. General Manager Joe Thomas has promised not to interfere with Marchibroda, who spent the past nine years handling the offense for George Allen. Bert Jones will get better protection than he received last season, when Colt quarterbacks were sacked 49 times; in fact, Baltimore's new offensive line, featuring Tackle George Kuntz, acquired from Atlanta, and top draft Ken Huff at guard, is the strength of the attack. Lydell Mitchell, who caught 72 passes last year, many of them safety valves from harried quarterbacks, may get running help from rookie Roosevelt Leaks. As always, Middle Linebacker Mike Curtis is the Colts' defense. WE WILL ARRIVE IN '75 read the bumper stickers in Baltimore. They might rate by '78.

—MARK MULVY
CONTINUED

We'd like you to test drive our car last.

Durability.

First, we'd like you to test drive a Volvo and compare their durable construction to ours. Because both have a unitized steel body of more than 4,000 welds, six strong steel posts, and door impact panels.



Luxury.

Then test drive an Audi and compare its interior to ours. And compare Audi's standard luxury features to Saab's nylon-velour, fully reclining bucket-seats, heated driver's seat, fold-down rear seat, and tinted windows.



Performance

Test BMW's exciting performance features and

compare them to our front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, steel-belted radial tires, fuel-injection, and power-assisted, four-wheel disc brakes



Economy.

We'd like you to test drive a Dasher and compare its economy (23 miles per gallon according to EPA tests) to our 21 miles per gallon (according to the same EPA tests).*



Ride.

Test drive a Peugeot to get the feel of its smooth, comfortable ride. Then compare it to Saab's smooth, comfortable ride. We think you'll find ours extremely smooth and quiet because of our pivot-spring front suspension, and a light-

axle rear suspension that's so responsive, it helps smooth out even the roughest roads.



Quality.

Test drive a Mercedes-Benz and compare such extra-quality features as four-wheel disc brakes with the same features on Saab. You'll see why both Mercedes-Benz and Saab are known for their abilities in precision engineering and automotive research.



The Saab 99 LE, EMS and WagonBack Sedan.
From \$5,648 to \$6,528.

SAAB
It's what a car should be.



*EPA test results for 1975 cars as used in city driving. There are more than 375 Saab dealers nationwide. Prices do not include dealer prep, taxes and optional equipment, if any. Overseas delivery available.

NATIONAL

Central



There are a lot of candidates for fourth place and only one for first in this division. The Minnesota Vikings have a virtual lock on the title; they have taken six of the past seven. So what if they slipped up in 1972; after all, it was Fran's first year back.

That's not to say people aren't optimistic in those other towns. From start with Bart proclaim bumper stickers in Green Bay. Jack Pardee has escaped from the WFL and is restoring pride to the Chicago Bears. And the Lions have moved into spanking-new Pontiac Metropolitan Stadium (capacity 80,399) with all the high hopes that go with a new home. Still, in December, when the dust clears or the Astro Turf is vacuumed, the big question will be: Who's in second?

Leading the battle of the bridesmaids will be the Chicago Bears, who haven't fashioned a winning season since 1967. They were so bad last year they didn't even produce a highlight film ("There just weren't any highlights," says a Bear official). Instead, they made a preview film called—get this—"History of Pride, Future of Promise." Pompous as that may sound, the Bears may just be the most improved team in the NFL.

They are certainly in the running for the most changed team. Vice-President and General Manager Jim Finks, hired on the eve of the 1974 season, sat back and watched the Bears flounder to a 4-10 record point. Perhaps he winced when they went 22 quarters without a touchdown. No doubt he grimaced when they averaged 2 1/4 points per game during one four-week stretch. But nary a change did he make—until after the season.

Head Coach Abe Gibrón was suddenly gone with the wind, the Chicago Winds, that is, of the WFL. And gentlemanly Jack Pardee was hired in Abe's place on New Year's Eve. Pardee is a quiet, dedicated fellow who coached the Florida Blazers to the WFL's World Bowl and even inspired them to play out their season without paychecks. Pardee brought five assistant coaches with him to the Bears' new training camp in Lake Forest, one of Chicago's most affluent suburbs.

So Finks had himself a new coach and a new camp; now he needed some new players. Moving to bolster an offense that ranked 25th in the NFL in total points and average gain per play, the Bears made Walter Payton their No. 1 draft pick. Payton, from Jackson State, is the leading scorer in NCAA history. He is, in fact, being compared with Gale Sayers, a comparison Payton rejects. "Sayers is the man," he says, "and he'll always be the man." Payton and Roland Harper, a 17th-round pick, will be fighting for the halfback spot. Finks also traded away a draft choice for

continued

QUARTERBACK JOHN HADL
GREEN BAY PACKERS

Before somebody advises you about business insurance, ask who's advising him.



A man simply can't walk around with all the facts you need in his head. Business insurance is too complicated. And changing every day.

Lincoln National Life recognizes this. And we're backing our agents with everything we have.

Computer terminals have been installed in many of our agencies. The terminals are hooked to the master computer in the home office. Millions of facts about business insurance are at the agent's fingertips.

We've equipped our local agencies with a special television system. When we come up with a business insurance idea, we videotape it. Then we send these tapes to Lincoln National agencies

throughout America.

We've always had an army of insurance specialists at the home office. Now we're adding them to the staffs of our agencies. Group insurance specialists. Pension specialists. Profit sharing, variable annuities, deferred compensation, you name it.

We put our agents through a rigorous 33 month training period. Many of them enroll at the American College of Life Underwriters to become CLU's. They study for about five years and we pay the expenses.

What it boils down to is this.

If our agents don't know their business they don't deserve yours.

We're making sure they do.



**THE
LINCOLN NATIONAL
LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY**

A Lincoln National corporation / Fort Wayne, Indiana

PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

veteran Fullback Cid Edwards of the San Diego Chargers, who should provide solidity and experience.

It just wouldn't be football season in Chicago if the quarterback position weren't up in the wind somewhere. Last year, Gary Huff started the first 11 games and failed to move the team. So Bobby Douglass will probably be back there this year. Douglass is a proven runner (968 yards rushing in 1972), but his career-completion percentage of .421 is hideously low. He should be able to improve that by throwing to a receiving corps enhanced by the acquisition of Ron Shanklin from Pittsburgh, but he still must set up behind a weak offensive line. Hefty Noah Jackson (260 pounds) is in from the Canadian League to help at guard.

The defense is strongest at linebacker. Ten-year veteran Doug Buffone will be calling the plays, relieving NFC Defensive Rookie of the Year Raymond Bryant, who is on his way to becoming one of the NFL's best middle backers. Jimmy Gunn, third man in tackles made last season, will round out a fine threesome. Defensive Tackle Wally Chambers is on the line and Nemah Wilson was acquired from the Raiders to strengthen the secondary. The Midway Monsters of 1973 may not exactly be behemoths, but there shouldn't be any problem finding footage for a highlight film.

Up in football-crazy Green Bay, Bart Starr, the people's choice, is being hailed as the next messiah. They are saying the departure of Dan Devine can do nothing but help the organization and morale of the Packers. "He just tore the team apart," says Fullback John Brockington. Although the Packers made the playoffs under Devine in 1972, Packer backers are quick to point out that Starr just happened to be assistant coach that year. Starr has brought discipline to a squad desperately in need of it. But that is a modest start for a 6-8 team badly shaken by retirement, defection, lack of draft choices and a quarterback who hasn't begun to justify the astonishing price paid for him.

The Packers gave up heart and soul—not to mention two first-, two second- and one third-round draft choice—to obtain John Huff from Los Angeles last October. Huff, 35, had the second-lowest completion rate (47.5%) of NFC regulars for 1974. One local sportswriter called the Packers "the worst first-and-goal team in the NFL." As a result, Chester Marcol, the Pack's Polish placekicker, led the league in scoring with 94 points.

Brockington, who has averaged 1,040 yards in his four seasons at Green Bay, provides scoring punch but he will miss the blocking of MacArthur Lane, now with the Chiefs. Impressive mini-rookie Willard Harrell (5'8½") may fill Lane's shoes.

Not even O.J. can run if there aren't any holes, but that's the problem with the Packer offensive line: too many holes. All-Pro Gabe Gilliam was one of three starting linemen to retire, and tackle Bill Hayhoe is out for the season.

Defense kept the Packers near .500 last season, but the loss of All-Pro Linebacker Ted (Mad Stork) Hendricks, who played out his option and went to Oakland, will certainly hurt. The front four is still strong, however, and could keep the Pack in some close games. The good people of Green Bay should not expect miracles from Starr. He says simply, "We have a big task in front of us."

Not as big as the one Coach Rick Forzano faces at De-

troit. After six straight seconds in the division, the Lions' motto this year is "Now to Win." It should read "Second is Good Enough."

What offense Detroit was able to generate last year rested largely in the hands of Ron Jesse, who snared 54 passes for 761 yards and three TDs. Jesse made a paltry \$16,000 a year. "They treated me like a damn slave," he says. So he played out his option and went to the Rams. The Lions are getting only a draft choice in return, Cullen Bryant—Pete Rozelle's compensation player—having floated in and out of their grasp. Dennis Franklin, who played quarterback for Michigan, is being given a shot as Jesse's replacement.

Bill Munson is recovering from injuries, so he and Greg Landry will share the quarterback duty. There wasn't a single 100-yard rushing game last year from a Lion backfield that ranked 24th in the league, and that situation isn't likely to improve because Steve Owens is sidelined with a bad knee. All-Pro Center Ed Flanagan also went West, and his replacement, Guy Dennis, walked out of camp in August. The only bright spots on the offense are Charlie Sanders at tight end and Placekicker Errol Mann, who calls himself a "conventional, old cloddy kicker" but scored 92 points in 1974. Forzano has essentially the same defense that ranked 12th in the NFC, with the secondary being its strongest element. Detroit won six of its seven games by five points or less. Some of those will be going the other way this year.

Placidly sitting atop the Central Division is staid old Minnesota. Staid? "We are not an emotional team," says Head Coach Bud Grant. He doesn't give his players pep talks, he just gives them the football. Old? The defensive line averages 32, but anyone who wants to tell Carl Eller or Alan Page they're too old for football isn't playing with a full deck. "Where we've got age, we've got quality depth," says Grant. He's right. The Vikings' first draft pick was 242-pound Defensive End Mark Mullany, who will eventually replace 37-year-old Jim Marshall.

Fran Tarkenton is 35. Is it tough to quarterback at that age? "Sure, it's a grind," Tarkenton says. "I was exhausted after the Super Bowl, but a month later I was ready to play." Fran has a two-year contract and a chance to break four of Unitas' records. Now, he's not too old.

The offensive linemen are all under 30, with the exception of Center Mick Tingelhoff. Grant has a backup, John Henry Ward, all ready. And behind them there's Chuck Foreman, who gained 777 yards rushing and snagged 53 passes for 586 more. Foreman is 24. So what if Wide Receiver John Gilliam has gone? He was *fresh* on the team in receiving last year and Sam McCullum (19.7 yards per reception) should do even better than that when he recovers from a shoulder separation. Wait, there is one problem. Fred Cox. He's 36 years old and last year missed 18% of his extra points and 62% of his field-goal attempts from 30 yards and out.

But the Vikings have the best regular-season record in their conference (.743) since the 1970 merger and have 21 starters back from a 10-4 near-Super year. Only two teams on Minnesota's schedule were over .500 last season. No, the Vikings still haven't won the Super Bowl. Something to shoot for. Sure, they're old. So is good whiskey.

—MARK DONOVAN

CONTINUED

WOLVERINE MAKES HIKING AND HUNTING BOOTS AS IF YOU'RE GOING TO WORK IN THEM.



AFTER YOU'VE FINISHED HIKING AND HUNTING.

They're boots that work hard at keeping you comfortable. Whether it's hiking or hunting or just getting out in the outdoors. We make work and sport boots in many different good-looking styles that give you a full choice to suit your kind of activity. And there's a full range of sizes to ensure a proper and comfortable fit.



Every one of our Wolverine boots is designed and built to provide maximum comfort and long life. So if you want a boot that's going to work hard when the going gets tough, put on Wolverine. We can take it. And make it easy on your pocket book.



WOLVERINE

©1975 WOLVERINE WORLDWIDE, INC. REGISTERED TRADEMARK

For the Wolverine dealer nearest you, call this toll free number (800) 243-6900. In Connecticut, 1 (800) RR2-6300

NATIONAL

West



This division race should provide the answers to some of the most vexing questions of the season. Can a rookie quarterback lead the Atlanta Falcons back to respectability and profitability? Can any single quarterback lead the San Francisco 49ers? Will Archie Manning recover from his broken arm in time to lead the Saints to their first winning season? And just how do the Los Angeles Rams plan to spend their Super Bowl checks?

The Rams, need it be said, again are almost everyone's choice for locker-room space at Miami in January, blessed as they are with talent, experience, depth and the cushiest schedule in the NFL. Between Sunday's opener at Dallas and the regular-season finale with the Steelers, the Rams will play 12 games against teams which never got above .500 last year. The dreary dozen includes six games with NFC West rivals, each of which has too many problems or weaknesses to prevent the Rams from winning their third straight division title.

"How good we are kind of depends on us," says Merlin Olsen, the veteran defensive tackle. "If we can get the improvement we've had the last two years, we can be better than any team in pro football."

The Rams' biggest improvement could come at quarterback, where James Harris, who was almost waived out of the league three years ago, took over in the sixth game of last season and finished as the NFC's No. 2 quarterback and the most valuable player in the Pro Bowl. Harris led the Rams to seven victories in their last nine games, throwing for 1,544 yards and 11 touchdowns.

Contributing to Harris' success was an offensive line, with an average of 10.8 years of experience per man, that allowed but 21 sacks. With the exception of Rich Seal, who replaces Ken Iman at center, it returns intact. A further boon to Harris is the acquisition of Ron Jessie, who caught 54 passes at Detroit last season while playing out his option. Jessie and Harold Jackson, who pulled in 30 passes for 514 yards and five touchdowns in 1974, give the Rams two 9.4 speedsters as deep threats, each especially worrisome because of the presence of Tight End Bob Klein, whose receiving has been overshadowed by his blocking. In an exhibition game against Dallas, Klein made four key catches to help crush the Cowboys 35-7.

While the passing should be more effective, the Rams' offensive strength again will be a rushing attack headed by Lawrence (not Larry) McCutcheon, who has gained more than 1,000 yards in each of the last two seasons. McCutcheon (his brother's name is Larry) broke the L.A. record again last year when he gained 1,109 yards to lead the NFC;

continued

RUNNING BACK LAWRENCE MCCUTCHEON
LOS ANGELES RAMS

**Add four guests,
one duck, and serve.**

PRODUCE OF FRANCE

BOTTLED IN FRANCE

Triple...
Orange

Triple...
Orange

Grand Marnier
Liqueur

PARIS — FRANCE

ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 80° PROOF — NET CONTENTS 23/32 QUART

"The Sportables" are seven brand-new black and white television sets from RCA—featuring two models with special rechargeable battery packs built right into their bases.

Pull the plug on either AC/DC model and you'll still get up to four hours of great viewing. An advanced VHF tuner helps keep the picture clear almost everywhere it goes.



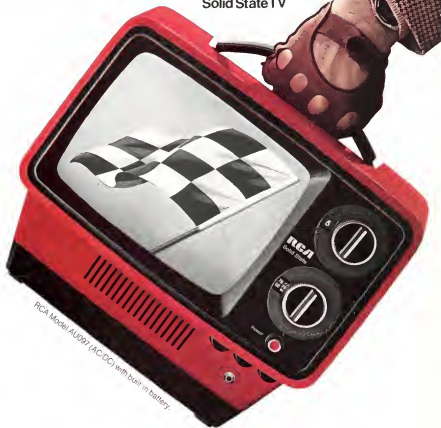
Simulated TV pictures

The Spo

New from RCA.

See the entire RCA line, including the smart, new, indoor "Sportables" (AC only) with the same great picture and sound
Now showing at your RCA Dealer

RCA
Solid State TV



RCA Model AU097 (AC/DC) with built-in battery.

rtables.

High-performance black and white television for people on the go.



**People ask me
if I really enjoy
smoking.**

I sure do. And Salem Longs are why. They give me all the good cigarette taste I'm smoking for. Plus Salem's fresh menthol. And they're longer, too.

That's why I enjoy smoking. That's why I smoke Salem Longs.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

1 mg. "tar", 1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAR. 78

PRO FOOTBALL continued

Jim Bertelsen, perhaps the team's best all-round back, gained 419. Backing them up are John Cappelletti, the 1973 Heisman Trophy winner, and stay-at-home Cullen Bryant, the 235-pound body-builder who defied the Roelke Rule in the Jesse non-trade. Tony Baker, whom Chuck Knox uses for touchdown smashes and other short yardage work, and Rob Scribner bring enviable depth to the position.

On defense, the Rams again will be almost impervious to the rush while conspicuously mistreating rival passers. Olsen and his mates allowed but four touchdowns on the ground last year, sacked opposing quarterbacks 44 times (a conference high) and yielded a mere 181 points (a league low). With strong, mobile linebackers and the prospect of an improved secondary led by All-NFC Safety Dave Elmerdorf, Knox hopes to cut off the pass as well as the run. Toward that goal, rookie Monte Jackson, a No. 4 choice from San Diego State, may eventually replace Charlie Stokes at left corner who is out for the year.

If San Francisco had a reliable quarterback, the division might be a two-team race. Dick Nolan's club has a classy corps of running backs, some quality receivers and a defense that is adequate if not spectacular. Unfortunately, the 49ers also have three quarterbacks who seem to be waiting for a starter to show up: Tom Owen, 23, who led the team to four victories in its last five 1974 games, veteran Norm Snead, claiming his guppy knee never felt better, and Steve Spurrier, who sprained his knee in July. Each moved the team fairly well during the exhibition season.

Whoever was the job—Snead leads at the moment—the 49er offense could be interesting. In Wilbur Jackson, who was named NFC Rookie of the Year, Nolan has an explosive, tackle-busting runner. Larry Schreiber, who gained 634 yards last season, is a mean man through the middle, and also led the team in receptions. Kermit Johnson gained more than 1,000 yards in the WFL, and Sammy Johnson, Delvin Williams and Manfred Moore will be capable reserves.

To take some of the defensive heat off Gene Washington, one of the NFL's finest receivers although he caught but 29 passes from four different quarterbacks last year, the 49ers acquired Bob Hayes from Dallas. Hayes undoubtedly is at least a step slower than he was when he joined the Cowboys following the '64 Olympics, but, Washington says, "He still has a great deal of speed and I think he will pose some problems for the defense by just running down the field. You can't ignore him, he's a potential six points—from anywhere." Speedy Thomas and Tight End Tom Mitchell also are fine receivers.

When Defensive Tackle Jimmy Webb, the club's No. 1 draft choice from Mississippi State, didn't sign until August 24, Nolan turned to 6'6", 268-pound Bill Sandifer, who sat out most of last year with knee surgery. The linebacking play of Dave Washington, acquired in a trade with Buffalo, took some of the sting out of Dave Wilcox's retirement, but the secondary has holes. Now as old as his number (37), Jimmy Johnson has returned—with optimism—for his 15th season at cornerback.

"I think this is a year where we can sneak in and do something a lot of people are not expecting us to do," Johnson says. With a quarterback, that is.

New Orleans has a quarterback of superb talents in Archie Manning, who unfortunately suffered a broken left arm

in preseason play and will probably miss the first two games of the season. Manning's backups, Bobby Scott and Larry Cipa, will be faced with various problems, not the least of which is an offensive line that yielded 37 sacks a year ago, when Archie threw but six touchdown passes. Along the way, Manning also was rocked emotionally by the players' strike, a feud with Saints' Owner John Mecom, a Csonka-sized offer from the WFL, rumors that he would be traded, a knee injury and infectious myonucleosis. This summer, however, Manning reported to camp in the best shape of his career, signed a new four-year contract and said he had benefited from an off-season weight program and some quarterback tutoring.

If Manning returns in top shape and can do his stuff without four defensive linemen bashing in his rib cage, the Saints could finish with a winning record for the first time in their nine-year history. Toward that end, Coach John North is hoping for instant maturity from rookie Kurt Schumacher, a 6'3", 260-pound guard from Ohio State.

Larry Burton, the team's No. 1 choice from Purdue, is a world-class sprinter who caught 38 passes for 702 yards as a senior. He figures to fill a need for outside speed. Burton, recovering from a pulled hamstring, has run the 100 in 9.1 and the 40 in 4.2. Joel Parker and Paul Seal, who combined for 73 receptions as rookies, should do even better.

The Saints' rushing attack was the NFC's third best last year. Alvin Maxson earned 714 yards. Since Jess Phillips was traded to Oakland, North is banking on Rod McNeill, who was hampered throughout '74 with a hamstring pull, as Maxson's running mate.

The Saints' strength is a defensive unit that was the most consistent part of the team as well as the most overworked. "When you went out," says Safety Tommy Myers, "you were afraid to drink too much water because you felt you'd be going right back in."

Manning expects the offense to improve on last season's total of 166 points. "Last year we were about a 10-point offense," he says. "This year we've got to become a 17-20 point offense. That's going to take a certain consistency on my part, but for the first time since I've been here we've got the same offensive line that ended the season."

The Atlanta Falcons have about the same of everything they had last year—all of it bad. But they did get California's Steve Bartkowski, the NFL's No. 1 draft pick, for a reported \$675,000 for three years. In 1974 Atlanta had the worst offense in NFL history, averaging fewer than eight points a game. They also set a league record for no-shows—143,488, including 48,830 in their last home game. Now with Dutch Van Broeklin retired, the Falcons are unquinted and happy. They should also be better since they couldn't be worse. Bartkowski may earn every dime of his salary. Atlanta quarterbacks were sacked 50 times last year and the team's premier offensive tackle, George Kunz, was traded to Baltimore in order to get Bartkowski. In addition, All-Pro Defensive End Claude Humphrey is out for the season with torn ligaments in his left knee. On top of all this, the team's schedule is the toughest in the NFL. Still, with their former dictator deposed, the Falcons might do some surprising things for easy going Maroon Campbell.

No way they won't be trying harder.

—RON REID
CONTINUED

NATIONAL

East

The old refrain was: there are only two teams in the NFC East, there are only two teams in the . . . Dallas and Washington, Washington and Dallas; the order doesn't make any difference. From 1971 to 1973 the East had but two representatives in the playoffs—the Cowboys and the Redskins. And the experts predicted that 1974 would be yet another chorus of the same old tune.

Well, it wasn't. The St. Louis Cinderellas not only made it into the playoffs but won the division with a 10-4 record. With the team coming off three straight 4-9-1 seasons, NFL Coach of the Year Don Coryell in his second year at St. Louis played Professor Higgins to the Cardinals' Eliza Doolittle, enabling St. Louis to make the playoffs for the first time since 1948.

Peering out from beneath his bushy red eyebrows, Coryell looks faintly satanic as he sizes up 1975: "From a pure talent standpoint, we cannot match up to many of the good NFL teams. We're going to have to fight for our lives in every game." Last year whether the Cardinals were letting big leads evaporate ("We lack the killer instinct," says Quarterback Jim Hart) or winning in the final minute, they were an unfailingly exciting team.

The biggest generator of Cardinal excitement is a 5'10", 185-pound soft-spoken running back named Terry Metcalf. Last year, which was only his second season, Metcalf racked up a club-record 2,058 yards of total offense. When-

ever he got the ball—whether on the ground or in the air—he moved it. He is known to some teammates as the Franchise. But if he is the Cards' biggest asset, in one sense he is also their biggest liability. St. Louis was 10-0 with a 100% Metcalf and 0-4 with a subpar one. One of Coryell's biggest tasks is to find someone who can give Terry a rest, and it could be the 11th-round draft pick, Jerry Latin. Jim Otis (664 yards rushing last year) complements Metcalf at fullback.

Completing the backfield is the forever-boyish Hart. If he continues to get intercepted about as often as he shaves, St. Louis should do just fine. Hart threw the ball 388 times last season and led the conference in TD passes (20) and completions (200). But the Cards' backups are untested; so an injury to Hart could prove disastrous. Rounding out an offense that had a league-low 17 turnovers, All-Pro Mel Gray leads an excellent bunch of receivers, and 280-pound Tackle Don Dierdorf anchors a line that allowed the fewest QB sacks (16) in the NFL.

Eleven starters are returning to a defense that improved in just about every category in 1974. For example, points allowed were down from 365 to 218. Defensive Ends Council Rudolph and Ron Yankowski head a rapidly improving line, and Roger Wehrli provides All-Pro cornerbacking. With a little luck, a lot of Metcalf and a dash of killer instinct the Cardinals just might repeat.

continued

LINEBACKER BILL BERGEY
PHILADELPHIA EAGLES



IF YOU CAN FIND YOUR PLAIN PAPER COPIER HERE

XEROX, IBM®, DENNISON, ROYAL,
AM, SAVIN®, VAN DYK, REMINGTON®,
PITNEY BOWES®, SCM®, APÉCO®, REPROX,
TOSHIBA, A.B. DICK

YOU CAN FIND THE RIGHT PAPER FOR IT HERE



Hammermill Xerocopy and Hammermill Electrocopy. Just two of the many fine grades in the Graphicopy® line of business papers.

Get all of the copier paper for all of these plain paper copiers from one convenient source: the Hammermill Merchant close to you.

Hammermill Papers Group,
division of Hammermill Paper
Company, Erie, Pennsylvania 16533.

Xerocopy is a registered trademark of XEROX CORPORATION.
Savin is a registered trademark of Savin Business Machines Corporation.



To get a free sample packet of Hammermill Xerocopy plus the name of the Hammermill Merchant closest to you, just call our toll-free number any time — 800-243-6100 (in Connecticut, 1-800-882-6500).

PRO FOOTBALL continued

"Repeat" is one thing the Dallas Cowboys do not want to do. The Cowboys had their poorest record (8-6) since 1965 and missed the playoffs for the first time in nine years. Tom Landry, the only coach the Cowboys have ever had, no longer can call on the running game that led the NFL in total yards (2,454) and average gain (4.5) in 1974. This year Quarterback Roger Staubach may find himself handing off to a pair of ghosts. Wraith No. 1 is Calvin Hill, the Cowboys' leading rusher for the past three years, who defected to the WFL. The second specter is workhorse Walt Garrison, who tore up a knee while riding in a rodeo exhibition for his small sponsor, Compact (5'10") Robert Newhouse (501 yards last year) is the only proven runner left. If the running game falters, Landry may resort to the shotgun or spread formation that he experimented with during the preseason.

Staubach, the NFL passing leader in 1971 and 1973, is coming off a so-so season in which he was hampered by an injured ankle and bruised ribs. He is ably backed up by explosive Clint (Mad Bomber) Longley. All-Pro Drew Pearson, who grabbed 62 passes for a conference-leading 1,087 yards last year, will be their primary target.

Dallas' defensive line is led by two towering bookends, Ed (Too Tall) Jones and Harvey (Too Mean) Martin, 6'9" and 6'5", respectively. Landry hopes the Tall & Mean Duo, who played only on obvious passing downs last year, will help solidify a line that reached a five-year nadir in fumble recoveries.

Linebacking is essentially unchanged, but everybody's All-America and Dallas' first draft pick, Randy White (6'4", 245), might break into the lineup at this position. The defensive secondary, last in the conference in interceptions last year, must improve.

The official NFL poster for the Washington Redskins shows George Washington crossing the Delaware wearing a Skins' helmet. Now George would be 243 years old this summer, which is how old most of the Over the Hill Gang seems to be. Washington, supposedly, has been too old for a long time. Is this finally the year? Maybe. For starters, Redskin fans will be looking in vain for the comforting sight of No. 9 this fall. After 18 years of throwing footballs in the NFL, Sonny Jurgensen is gone. A sprightly 40 last year, Sonny paced the conference with a 64.1 completion percentage. A passing attack that led the NFL with 2,978 yards was often spurred by Sonny coming off the bench. Bill Kilmer actually threw more passes but he lacks the charisma and inspiration of Jurgensen. Kilmer does have excellent receivers, headed up by Charley Taylor, who needs only 52 receptions to be the alltime NFL leader.

Kilmer's crusade will not be aided by a running game that was 23rd in the league last season and is still in desperate straits. Larry Brown (only 430 yards) will probably not be at full strength this year. Injury-prone but valuable Larry Smith has retired. And Duane Thomas, who asked for a raise of more than \$100,000, might be working on the Alaska pipeline, where they can afford him. Free agent Ralph Nelson and Mike Thomas, the Skins' first draft pick (in the fifth round), are two of the prospects George Allen is trying at running back.

Defense is a different story, with 10 of 11 starters returning. (Verlon Biggs is out for the season.) Second only to

the Steelers last year, the Redskins gave up just 234.6 yards per game and led their conference with 25 interceptions. Everywhere there is experience—and age. Pat Fischer, Ron McDole and Chris Hanburger are only a few of the elders who will be working hard to prove they're not too ancient.

Veteran Redskin watchers say the spirit of '72—when Washington made the Super Bowl—is gone, and there is growing disenchantment with George Allen. Regardless, after four straight years in the playoffs, Allen has labeled this season as the "Drive for Five." With an assist from the schedule makers, the Redskins stand a chance.

"We are slowly building a good team," says Eagle Coach Mike McCormack. Philadelphia has improved from 2-11-1 to 7-7 in McCormack's two seasons. But its 1975 schedule includes only three teams that were under .500 last year, so McCormack may be right when he says, "We could be a much better football team and have a worse record."

The offensive burden rests largely on the shoulders of Quarterbacks Mike Boryla and Roman Gabriel, a sprinkling of gray in his preseason beard hinting at his 35 years. After a super season in 1973, Gabe ranked behind every other full-time quarterback in his division in 1974 and Boryla took over late in the year. Neither will have any trouble locating the receivers. The Fire High Gang (Harold Carmichael, Charles Young and Don Zimmerman), who average 6'5", hauled in 149 passes last year.

McCormack has made nine trades since August 1974, mostly in efforts to bolster the rushing game—the NFC's worst—and a weak offensive line that allowed as many as nine sacks in a single game. One of the trades brought in Horst Muhlmann from Cincinnati, who will kick field goals in place of Tom Dempsey, now in Los Angeles.

The reason for the Eagles' defensive resurgence, which saw them give up 176 fewer points than in 1973, can be put in two words: Bill Bergery. Bergery is probably the best middle linebacker in the game. Insiders say that McCormack must make the playoffs this year to keep his job. That is both unfair and unlikely.

There was a sign in the New York Giants' preseason locker room that read: BEFORE THE WHISTLE BLOWS . . . ALL ARE EQUAL. It's what happens after the whistle blows that counts, though. The Giants have won just four games in the past two seasons, and last year they developed a new trick, the Last Second Loss. But if the Giants can stay healthy and persuade their opponents to play 59-minute games, they could be "competitive"—one of Head Coach Bill Arnsparger's stated goals.

A hale Ron Johnson at running back is vital to New York's sputtering offense. If he has another 1,000-yard season and if he catches 40 Craig Morton tosses, the Giants have a chance. Morton is starting his first full season with the Giants, and he is optimistic. "This is not a 2-12 team and we're going to prove it," he says. New York has a fine front four, headed up by its only All-NFC selection last year, 255-pound John Mendenhall. But the rest of the defense has a long way to go.

The Giants had a strong preseason, including a 24-7 pasting of Pittsburgh, which might be a good sign. On the other hand, they had a 6-0 preseason two years ago and finished 2-11-1. So much for good signs.

—MARK DONOVAN

A.J. Foyt: The Man And His Machines.

Nobody knows more about cars, engines, racing and winning than the "Tough Texan."

On the track, A.J. and his well-oiled machines have covered a lot of ground together. Making and breaking records every mile of the way.

In his everyday driving, and in his Chevy dealership, A.J.'s machines are just as well-oiled as his \$100,000 Coyote racing

machines. With Valvoline® Motor Oils. Valvoline. The one and only brand of motor oil you'll find in all of A.J. Foyt's cars. The cars he drives, the cars he sells.

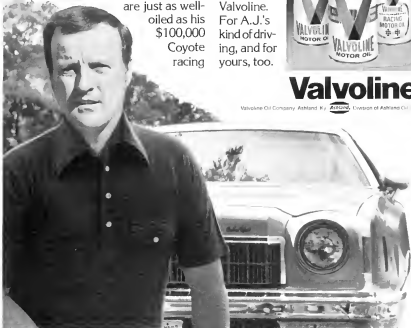
Give your machine the same kind of performance and protection that the money-winningest driver in his-

tory gives all of his. Valvoline. For A.J.'s kind of driving, and for yours, too.



Valvoline

Valvoline Oil Company, Ashland, Ky.  Division of Ashland Oil Co.





THIS COACH IS FIRST CLASS

Ted Haydon of the Chicago Track Club takes a backseat to no one as a friend and counselor of athletes by **SARAH PILEGGI**



It is five o'clock on a Thursday afternoon in Hyde Park on Chicago's South Side. Ellsworth Pennington III, 30, wearing a sweat suit over a shirt and a carefully knotted black knit tie, is well into his third workout of the day. He has finished a six-mile warmup jog on the grass around the perimeter of the University of Chicago's Amos Alonzo Stagg Field and he has hopped a left-legged 220 on its all-weather track. Now he is shinning, with consummate ease, up a soccer goalpost at the south end of the field while a dozen raggedy little boys, who have been using the high-jump pit as a trampoline, stop to gape.

Who is Ellsworth Pennington III, and why is he doing these things?

"Honey," says Olympic long-jumper Willye White, who has been practicing starts and is now in the third row of the gray wooden grandstand, unwinding an Ace bandage from her knee, "you'll have to ask him that. Nobody knows why Penny does anything."

Pennington is an eccentric but valued member of the University of Chicago Track Club. When fund-raising time comes around each year he passes his cap among his co-workers at a dog-food factory and returns with \$20 or \$30, which makes him one of the club's major contributors.

Rick Wohlhuter, 26, world-record holder at 880 yards and 1,000 meters, has finished a day of hustling insurance in Chicago and has jogged to Stagg Field from his apartment on South Shore Drive. His is a light workout today—stretching, jogging and some 220s to keep the kinks out—because in the morning he will be leaving for a meet on the West Coast, where he will attempt to lower his world record for the half mile.

Wohlhuter is a slight man, but in his black warmups with narrow red stripes down the side, he stands out from the ratterdemalion legion of runners, hurdlers, jumpers and throwers who mill around him, a thoroughbred colt amid a herd of shaggy ponies.

"Who's that?" asks a girl runner, new to the Stagg Field practices.

"That's Rick Wohlhuter, the world-

record half-miler," says a white-haired man, who happens to be his coach.

"I knew he had to be some kind of dude to be wearin' an outfit like that."

Andrew Goodman, 12, chess player, stamp collector, oboist and distance runner, is in the seventh grade at the university's lab school. He has been running with the club since he was 10, and his best time for the mile is 5:43. He averages 30 miles a week, even in winter, but today, because he has a friend along who is new to the game, he has jogged only four miles on the Tartan track.

Andrew once described the place running holds in his life to a *Chicago Tribune* reporter. "This is only a hobby," he said, "perhaps my largest hobby, but if a best friend had a birthday party or something, I'd go to it instead of working out."

Tom Bryan is a business major at Loras College in Dubuque, Iowa. In 1971 he was an NAIA All-America as a half-miler. But Loras wasn't comfortable for black students in those days, so Bryan dropped out for a while. Now he is 26 and back in school, but when he's home in Chicago during the summer, Stagg Field is the focus of his days. There are people to talk to and kid around with.

Balanced lightly on his bicycle seat, the toe of one running shoe touching a pedal, the other stretched to the ground, wearing a chain for locking his bike like a bandolier across his chest, Bryan throws a calculated sleepy look sideways at the white-haired coach, who pretends not to be listening, and draws mockingly in his high, reedy voice. "Let's just say that Ted Haydon is a credit to his sport."

That draws an appreciative chuckle from Haydon, a big, pink-faced man in a spotted windbreaker and dirty golf cap with stopwatch strings hanging from all his pockets. Edward Morgan Haydon, 63, can squeeze a week's worth of activity into an 18-hour day, but the greatest of his talents is looking, at any one moment, as though he has nothing at all to do. Margaret Mead once suggested that a flock of her fellow anthropologists be assigned to follow Haydon for a few days to figure out how he operates, but no such

flock has ever gotten itself into good enough condition to try.

Haydon is a ragtime piano-playing sociologist who coaches the University of Chicago's varsity track team for a living. Twenty-five years ago he founded the University of Chicago Track Club to give athletes who had graduated a chance to keep on competing. But one thing led to another, as they will with Haydon around, and the UCTC (pronounced *jooicy-tercy* by its members) developed into one of the most extraordinary athletic clubs in the country. It attracts out-of-school athletes from all over the Midwest while at the same time providing training facilities and competition for Chicago-area runners of all ages and skills who otherwise would have to do without. Through it Haydon has been the low-keyed driving force.

"Ted is best behind the lines," says Wohlhuter. "He's the kind of guy who will do the work and let the others take the credit. I run, and get all the publicity, but he's part of what I have done, maybe a big part."

Within the hierarchy of U.S. track and field, however, Haydon's abilities have been recognized for years. He was coach of the American distance runners at the Mexico City Olympics in 1968 and again at Munich in 1972; in 1958 he managed the first American track team ever to compete in the Soviet Union; he was head coach for the U.S. team in the 1961 Maccabiah Games, and track and field chairman for the 1959 Pan American Games in Chicago.

At Mexico City, Jim Ryun met Haydon in a practice area about half an hour before the 1,500-meter final. Ryun said, "Say a little prayer for me, Ted." Haydon said he would, and Ryun started down toward the field. He was delayed at a registration desk, and the two met again in the tunnel leading to the track. Haydon said, "Jim, I've decided I'm not going to say a prayer for you after all." Ryun, mildly surprised, asked, "Why not?" "Because," said Haydon, "I'm going to save that for something important." After the Olympics, Ryun wrote Haydon a note, saying that was the best thing he could have heard at the moment.

—ronald

ment, that it put things into perspective.

Haydon's club has produced a world-record half-mile in Wohlhuter and a world-record two-mile relay team in Tom Bach, Ken Sparks, Lowell Paul and Wohlhuter. UCTC has a five-time national champion in triple jumper John Craft, and it has had nine athletes on four Olympic teams—shotputter Brian Oldfield, pole vaulter Jan Johnson, sprinter Ira Murchison, steeplechasers Deacon Jones and Phil Coleman, hurdler Willie May and race walker Chris McCarthy, besides Wohlhuter and Craft.

Because of Haydon and UCTC the university's facilities—Stagg Field and the cavernous old Fieldhouse, with its 220-yard dirt track—are open all year round. The club puts on 30 open track competitions a year, ranging from the big Holiday Meet in December, which last year drew 517 participants, to a series of Sunday development meets outdoors in the spring that provide competition for those who are not up to the level of the club's regular Saturday affairs.

The program is an ambitious one, but there are no frills. The University of Chicago newspaper, *The Chicago Maroon*, reported UCTC's premier event last spring almost resignedly. "The 1975 Stagg relays, like most track meets involving the UC Track Club, was aimed almost entirely at the meet's participants, spectators were, as usual, superfluous. No public address system was set up . . . a program was not provided . . . the audience had the devil's own time telling who was doing what."

"In our organization," says Haydon, "the whole emphasis is at the competition level, the athlete's level, and everything else is kind of kinky tink."

This year Haydon was inducted into the National Track and Field Hall of Fame in Charleston, W. Va. At the ceremonies Ken Doherty, former track coach at Michigan and Pennsylvania, said of the UCTC coach: "In the year 2000 we will look back and realize that the most significant contribution to the improvement of U.S. track and field during the past century was made by the University of Chicago Track Club . . . Ted Haydon has shown us the way."

Haydon is the second of three sons of A. Eustace Haydon, one of the founders of the modern humanist movement, who at his death last April at 95 was professor emeritus of comparative religion at the University of Chicago. At the time

of Ted's birth in 1912 Eustace Haydon was a Baptist preacher in Saskatoon who had been an amateur lacrosse player and Canadian pole-vault champion and who, according to his son, was being "more or less read out of the Baptist Church" because of his growing humanism. In 1917 Eustace moved his family to Chicago where, in 1918, he received his Ph.D. from the university and joined the faculty.

As faculty offspring, the Haydon boys, Harold, Ted and Brownlee, were entitled to attend the university's lab elementary school, but instead their father sent them to Fisk, the public school across the street from their home in the Woodlawn section just south of the grassy Midway, where Little Egypt twitched bewitchingly at the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

"That's where I learned most everything," Haydon says. "I played so much marbles on the Fisk school playground that my mother had to make a linoleum kneepad for my pants. We had kids from the Jewish orphanage a block away and tough kids from the 63rd Street area. It was a mixture, and it was a very good experience."

Later, as a student at the university high school and as an undergraduate at Chicago, Haydon ran the hurdles, threw the hammer and was captain of the track team. In the summers he worked as a counselor at a boys' camp in Canada, where he led campers on canoe trips in the wilderness. On his days off he went on more canoe trips just to see how much he could take. "I used to think I was an iron man, see. One time I went 28½ hours nonstop."

He graduated from Chicago in 1933, in the pin of the Depression, and won a scholarship to do graduate work in sociology. A year or so later, when one of his professors told him of a job open in community work, he left the university, and from 1935 until 1950, through Depression and war, was a practicing sociologist. He was a street worker in Chicago's Near North and Near Northwest sides among low-income Italians, Mexicans and blacks, operating on the then-revolutionary premise that the disadvantaged could be stimulated to organize themselves to improve their own lot. The program, conducted by Sociologists Clifford R. Shaw, was called the Chicago Area Projects, and it served as an early model for some of the social activism of

the 1960s. It was funded by the Illinois Department of Public Welfare, employed such distinguished young sociologists as Saul Alinsky and Joseph Lohman and operated out of storefront offices in the neighborhoods. In 1935, in an office a few steps down from the sidewalk at 316 Oak Street on the Near North Side, Haydon was earning \$135 a month for working 16-to-20-hour days.

"It was a very stimulating, perhaps overstimulating, program," he says. And finally it began to wear him down. "I'd come home for dinner and my wife would say, 'You look gray,' and I'd say, 'I feel fine, I've got to go back out for a meeting.' " Because the meetings were with working people, they began late, after work and dinner, and ended late, often adjoining to a bowling alley until even later. Haydon's days, all seven of them, usually began at six in the morning and ended around two the next morning. In 1947, at the age of 35, he began to show signs of cracking.

"One day I was giving a talk to a ladies' group about discrimination against blacks and so on," Haydon says, "and, I don't know, I just realized that those ladies weren't the least bit interested—not sincerely, anyway—and I walked out in the middle of my talk. It was kind of a surprise to me, too."

Haydon's doctor described his symptoms as the civilian equivalent of battle fatigue and prescribed a new way of life—a highball before dinner, nine hours of sleep a night, 30 mg. of vitamin B a day, an occasional weekend off and exercise. Haydon continued in community work for three more years, mornings and evenings, but in the late afternoons he took time to stop off at the University of Chicago Fieldhouse to work out. He was too old for the hurdles by then, but he threw the hammer and gradually became a sort of volunteer assistant to his old college coach, Ned Merriam. In 1950 Merriam, who was ill and about to retire, asked Haydon if he would like to take over, and Haydon, seeing an opportunity to finish the master's degree he had begun in 1933, took the job.

"One day after I left social work I saw Saul Alinsky, who was by that time with the Back of the Yards Council," Haydon says. "He said, 'What are you doing back in the ivory tower?' I said, 'In social work you go round in circles. Now I get points for it.'" Haydon paused. "Alinsky's dead now, of course. Joe Loh-

continued

 **PARKER**
World's most wanted pens



Add gold to his portfolio.

A Parker 75 soft tip pen in precious metal makes a lasting gift of undisputed value. Its flawless performance and ageless beauty will be appreciated by discerning persons of either sex. Parker gift pens and sets from \$5 to \$500.

PARKER 75

A gift of immediate and lasting value.

"The trick of Desert Sailing on the Baja's snow-white sands is not to end up black and blue!"

The difference between this 'ship of the desert' and the kind you'll find in caravans is that you can whip along at speeds up to 60 miles an hour. And that's where the danger lies!



It's virtually impossible to keep your careening craft on a straight and steady course. We were just at the point of capsizing . . .



. . . when I shouted to Jim, 'Throw your weight on my side!' Defying gravity and the gusting winds, we managed to get upright. From then on, it was smooth sailing.



"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Hotel El Presidente in San Quintin." Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka . . . it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 117 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"™ in 87 lands.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HEARN WALKER & SONS LIMITED
VANCOUVER, CANADA

man is dead. That's a hard racket. I'd probably be dead now, too, if I'd stayed in that work."

In his first year in his new job Haydon founded the track club and persuaded the university to open its facilities, first to alumni and others connected with the university who wanted to work out, and then to more and more athletes from every background whose common need was help to keep going. He was paid then, and still is, only for coaching the Chicago varsity and teaching a couple of classes in the physical education department. He runs the track club almost on his own.

Haydon does rely on a small volunteer army of people like lawyer Arthur McLendon, a young college coach named F. Lee Slick; a 74-year-old former Boys Club official, Anthony Nicolette; and Jack Bolton, a construction superintendent in his 60s who was a world-class miler in the 1930s. These and a dozen or so like them show up at 8:30 a.m. on the day of a meet to rake out the sandpits and set up the hurdles and time the finishes, and they remain to help until the sun has gone down and the Porta-Pit and the ticket booths have been stowed away in the Fieldhouse. During a meet, if there is an extra medal for the taking, some of them will jump into the competition. Slick throws the hammer, Bolton runs in Masters distance races, McLendon is a walker. But most of the time they work.

"My theory is," Haydon says, "if you look helpless, somebody's going to help you."

Haydon looks most helpless in the paper confusion of his office in Bartlett Gym, a sort of clerical compost heap with a 30-foot ceiling and a dusty schoolroom clock that stopped at 3:24 some months or years ago. Piles of letters not yet answered and schedules and programs and back issues of track magazines spill over onto an adjoining desk that is unoccupied, as if long ago a timid office mate had retreated in the face of the approaching deluge. Dozens of trophies covered with a layer of fine dust are on shelves, in cabinets, under tables and on the seat of an overstuffed armchair with lumpy brown cushions. A cardboard carton filled with mangled squash racquets rests under a coatrack, along with a bottle of Pepto-Bismol and an old maroon warm-up jacket with U of C (YALE) embroidered across the heart (Haydon says, "They give them to phys ed teachers just

continued

The world's largest selling range-finder camera. Smaller, handier, simpler to operate. With IC Computer Brain and electronic shutter, so you don't miss a shot in any light. That's the Yashica Electro 35 GSM.

It's fun to travel with because we haven't forgotten what photography is all about. People. Places. Memories you want to preserve.

Photography the Yashica way. We think it's photography the right way. When you try it, we think you'll agree.

**Photography
the Yashica
way.**



YASHICA

50-17 Queens Blvd. Woodside, N.Y. 11377 (212) 460-5508

See the full line of Yashica cameras at your local Yashica dealer

ELECTRO 35 GSM



Special Offer from skandinavik

You can get a full-color reproduction of this oil painting of the Danish Schooner, Denmark—retail value \$15.00—and a 1-1/2 ounce pouch of Skandinavik pipe tobacco—both for only \$2.49.

The painting "Full Gale" is reproduced on linen-finished vellum, 16" x 20", designed especially for framing.

Skandinavik imported Danish pipe tobacco is a mild, smooth-burning long-cut tobacco that won't bite your tongue. It comes in Regular and Mildly Aromatic blends—just indicate your choice.

To receive the print and tobacco, send check or money order for \$2.49 to: Skandinavik, P.O. Box 5052, Hicksville, N.Y. 11801 (Offer good only in U.S.A. and Possessions.)



skandinavik® Danish Long-Cut Tobacco.

Daily shampooing doesn't do much for dandruff

if you're using the wrong shampoo.

Most shampoos contain no medication for dandruff. Problem dandruff requires special medication. Medication to penetrate, loosen, and remove scales as it washes away excess oil. Sebulex® Shampoo starts controlling oiliness, itching, and scaling with the first treatment. Once symptoms are fully arrested, shampooing with Sebulex once or twice a week can keep them under control.

Sebulex® medicated shampoo leaves hair soft and manageable as it controls problem dandruff.

Available at drug counters in 4 and 8 fl. oz. bottles and Sebulex® Cream in 4 oz. tubes.



HAYDON • continued

in case they forget who they are").

Howls of anguish come from the handball court next door, and snarled feet pound on the running track overhead. Everything seems hopelessly out of control, yet from seeming chaos emerges one of the biggest track programs in the country. The New York Athletic Club sponsors no meets, the Pacific Coast Club is essentially a very effective booking agency for an exclusive troupe of about 20 stars. The only club that is comparable to UCTC is the Oregon Track Club in Eugene, which also uses a university's facilities and reaches out into the surrounding community, offering programs and asking for assistance. But the community that surrounds the Oregon Track Club is a medium-size college town with medium-size problems. UCTC exists in the middle of a huge urban ghetto with massive problems rising out of bad housing, poverty, joblessness. Across Cottage Grove Avenue from the west end of Stag Field is Washington Park, where cross-country runners train and where the body of a woman was found in a ravine during a UCTC competition. Yet at Stag Field there have been no instances of real vandalism.

"When they put in the all-weather track," says Haydon, "I thought we'd see 'Mighty Blackstone Rangers' or something painted on it, but it never happened. They put a fence around the field, but the only person it ever kept out was me. I was the only one who couldn't climb it."

Stagg Field in the summer and the Fieldhouse in the winter have become neighborhood recreation centers just as surely as the storefronts and church basements of the Near North Side were. Every afternoon children with pails and shovels dig in the sand of the long-jump pit as runners patter by.

"We know that if the little kids play in the sandboxes there'll be no glass and broken bottles," says Haydon. "The mommas will take care of that."

The workouts Haydon prescribes for his athletes are based on quality rather than volume, and they are basically the same for a 1:44 half-miler like Wohlhuter and, say, Julian Brown, a sophomore miler on Haydon's Chicago varsity whose major, "disciplines in the humanities," requires substantial amounts of reading.

"You can't read for many hours if you run a lot," says Brown. "I do 10 miles a

week at most, and that's down from 15 miles a day in high school. This method works just as well, and I can study better."

The pattern for each runner is the same, only the times are different. "The emphasis is on getting each one to improve, whether he's good, bad or indifferent to start with," says Haydon. "We don't tell a guy to go out and run 10 miles or jog 20. We'd rather see him run six quarters at 70 seconds than five miles at six minutes a mile. If he's running 70-second quarters he's always running a 4:40-mile pace, and if he's ever going to be any good, he's going to have to be able to do that."

The program suits Wohlhuter because he has perennial tendon problems and cannot train more than 50 miles a week without risking injury. It also suits Tom Messer, a Chicago freshman who ran distances from 440 yards to two miles this past season and dropped out of almost every race. Messer is fragile looking, with lank blond hair down to his hunched shoulders, deep-set darting eyes and a habit of chewing on two or three fingernails at the same time. As he sees it, quitting a race is the reasonable thing to do if he is not running as well as he should. His high school coach threw him off the team, as almost any coach would. Haydon has not.

"Anybody can go out and finish all his races," Haydon says, his mouth beginning to move into the curl that precedes a chuckle, "but how many have got guts enough to drop out all the time? I gave him a lot of credit for having enough personal autonomy to do it. And I'll bet you money that before he's a senior he'll be a helluva runner because I think he'll respond to the kind of treatment he's getting. In the meantime he considers me a real good friend and I consider him an interesting person."

Haydon rarely uses the word "amateur," at least not in the reverent manner of the late Avery Brundage. Haydon and Brundage were poles apart in their personal philosophies, but they were merely different sides of the same coin in their feeling for amateur sport. Brundage imposed his ideas; Haydon makes his available. The Brundage way was like a formal dinner with Avery at the head of the table. Haydon's is a potluck supper. He hires the hall and brings the beer, but everybody contributes.

"Even as recently as 10 years ago, mine

out of 10 guys just quit when college was over," says Bob Steele, a 30-year-old former Michigan State hurdler who has been running with UCTC for five years. "I would say Ted has kept something like 80 to 100 national-level athletes going who otherwise would have quit."

Last year it took \$32,000 to keep UCTC going. Some of the money came from meet directors who paid travel expenses for outstanding performers such as Wohlhuter, Craft, Johnson and Paul. Some came from the Mayor Daley Youth Foundation, which supports local track and field. But most is contributed, usually in units as small as \$10 or \$20, by those on a list of some 600 interested supporters. Each year they receive a form letter that reports the club's accomplishments, and to which Haydon adds a short personal note. The mailing is a huge chore that Haydon and his cheerful schoolteacher wife Golde handle by themselves from the dining-room table in their brick two-family house in the South Shore section of Chicago.

Before each out-of-town meet Haydon figures the total cost of transportation, housing and meals for the team, estimates how much he will be able to raise toward expenses from the meet promoter and the Mayor Daley Youth Foundation and how much the club can afford to contribute. Then Haydon divides the difference among the athletes who are going. The trip to Eugene for the national AAU championships in June cost each athlete \$150 out of total expenses of \$365.

Haydon's card file of loyal contributors, combined with his policy of asking the athletes to pay part of their own expenses, is what keeps the club in business when others fail. The Southern California Striders, for a time the strongest track and field club in the country, once qualified 45 athletes for a meet in New York. "They were out for the team title," says Haydon, "and they had recruited all the college athletes who were just out of school." Getting all 45 to New York put the club in such a financial hole it never got out. "You can only do so much and stay in business," Haydon says. "If we had paid for the trip to Eugene without asking the runners to contribute we'd be broke or else we would have had to leave several guys home."

Haydon's thick, powerful hands, which have moved a thousand hurdles and puddled a thousand miles, can also manipulate a golf club, cast a fly, play

ragtime and paint landscapes in oils. The landscapes are of lakes and woods, particularly the woods surrounding Cable Lake on the peninsula of Upper Michigan where Ted and Golde spend occasional weeks in the summer. At the center of each picture there is usually a little log cabin, painted red, with a clothesline to one side. In front of the cabin on the water's edge is a dock, and overhead are small gray-white clouds. Haydon's brother Harold, an artist and art critic for the Chicago *Sun-Times*, says Ted is improving—that his clouds look less like little gray automobiles scotching across the sky than they used to.

At Cable Lake relaxation is painting and fishing. At home in Chicago it is playing the piano and getting in a few holes of golf now and then or, more accurately, thinking about getting in a few holes of golf now and then. Haydon's golf clubs and a handcart are moved from the basement of his house into the trunk of his car in March each year, about the same time the team moves out of the Fieldhouse and onto Stagg Field. Some years the golf clubs stay untouched in the trunk until fall.

"Fall is nice in Chicago," says Haydon. "Sometimes, when all that's going on is cross-country, I can finish up my morning classes and go out and play a little golf. Twelve holes maybe, and then I go have coffee and a hot dog and talk to people."

Haydon fully intends to retire, sometime. "The last thing I want is to drop dead out there," he says, waving in the general direction of Stagg Field from a booth in the back of a restaurant that is one of his "joints." "However," he says, over the pot roast special, "if my freshman quarter-miler who ran 48.6 suddenly runs 45.8 I might decide it would be fun to stay around another year."

On Ellis Avenue, near the corner of 56th Street on the University of Chicago campus in Hyde Park, there is a bronze sculpture by Henry Moore called *Nuclear Energy*. It marks the place where Enrico Fermi and his colleagues in 1942 achieved the first self-sustaining chain reaction, and thereby changed the world.

A couple of blocks west on 56th Street is Stagg Field with its all-weather track and gray wooden grandstand. The field is enclosed with a high chain-link fence, but the gate in the fence is open, which is Ted Haydon's way of saying there's more than one way to change the world. **END**

Take your pick.

The fresh picked scent of English Leather Lime.

So you love English Leather Lime. Then why not love it all over your body?

We have lots of ways to keep you feeling lime fresh from head to toe. Each with so much lime, it's like picking fresh limes off a tree. Here are four you can pick.



Shave Cream 3.3 oz.	\$1.50
Deodorant	\$1.35
Aftershave	\$3.00
Soap on a Rope	\$2.25

Available in Canada

One Man. One Scent.

MEYER COMPANY, INC., Northvale, N.J. 07647 © 1984

Tough in the office pool

Using a combination of intuition, logic and dreams, Danny Sheridan maintains he has a phenomenal average in picking college games

Oklahoma and Archie Griffin had sensational seasons in 1974, but theirs pale beside that of Danny Sheridan, a garrulous 28-year-old Mobile, Ala. real-estate agent who forecasts the outcome of college football games. According to Sheridan, on opening week last year he picked Arizona State to upset Houston, which the Sun Devils did 30-9. Later he became so convinced Kansas would topple fourth-ranked Texas A&M he phoned the athletic department in Lawrence to tell Coach Don Fambrough not to worry, the Jayhawks "couldn't possibly lose." They didn't. As the season ended he selected USC to beat favored Ohio State in the Rose Bowl, and Notre Dame, a 10-point underdog, to defeat Alabama in the Orange Bowl—which they did. All told, Sheridan predicted 19 upsets, a triumph he dismisses as being "relatively irrelevant."

As a sophomore at Alabama in 1967 Sheridan gained a following of fraternity brothers whom he touted autumn Saturday after autumn Saturday until he graduated with a B.S. in commerce. In subsequent years his following grew to a point where today he gets calls from friends all around the country wondering what he thinks about, say, USC against Notre Dame. Sheridan is happy to oblige, and for free.

Danny says he fears gambling. He remembers, at the age of 17, dreaming Texas would beat Navy in the Cotton Bowl and wanting to bet his father, a custom-home builder in Mobile, that he knew the outcome. "I'd never bet now because I'm scared to death of the IRS," he says, smoothing his bushy mustache. "I want to become rich. I think I have a talent that could earn me a lot of money without breaking any laws, but I won't bet. Besides, it might affect the way I handicap."

Last September a friend pointed out that there was no reason why Sheridan should not publish a weekly tip sheet and pick up a little side income. Sheridan

agreed, and contacted Bill Sellers, a *Mobile Press Register* reporter for 18 years and a fellow member of the Skyline Country Club, hoping to get a plug. Sellers told Sheridan to prove that he could pick as accurately as he said he could. "On a lark I invited Danny to send me his weekly picks," Sellers recalls. "I figured he'd miss right away, and the ridiculous idea would pass." On Thursdays, usually, Sheridan delivered his selections to Sellers, who put them in a manila folder on his desk. Mondays Sellers compared the picks with the results of the games. "Unbelievable," he says now. "It was as if Danny had picked Saturday's games out of Monday's newspaper." By the end of the season Sheridan says he had picked 28 Specials, every one a winner. Overall, out of 205 picks he claimed to have had 184 winners. More astonishing and "relevant," he was picking not simply winners but winners against the spread.

As even doormats must know by now, the spread is the points oddsmakers give the underdog for the sake of attracting equal amounts of betting money on both teams. For example, Rice vs. Texas, even, would draw little Rice backing, but Rice and 20 points just might. Trouble is, as one bookmaker points out, over a season most football bettors cannot pick winners more than 50% of the time. Sheridan's 1974 percentage was 89.7.

SHERIDAN SPECIALS

While it is unfair to ask any man to select the winners of games that will not be played until late in the season, Sheridan agreed. Here are his choices, some eye-opening, in live of the season's most critical contests. His final pick is an event of an Orange Bowl matchup.

NOTRE DAME OVER USC
MICHIGAN OVER OHIO STATE
USC OVER UCLA
OKLAHOMA OVER NEBRASKA
ALABAMA OVER OKLAHOMA

"Sixty-five percent would be phenomenal," says Las Vegas oddsmaker Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder. "Eighty or 90 is impossible. If Danny Sheridan or anyone else says he picks like that, between you and me, it's pure applesauce."

In August Sheridan visited Las Vegas, reached Snyder by phone and asked him for advice about furthering his career as a football expert. Snyder told him, "Danny, when a guy picks 90%, he doesn't need anybody's advice."

Snyder says he has spent 40 years developing the rating system he uses to supply more than 300 newspapers with his own point spreads. Scouts in 26 cities feed daily information and news back to Snyder to help him make his line. Sheridan believes football cannot be computerized. He picks by intuition. "Intuition?" says Snyder. "Isn't that ridiculous?"

Well, not entirely does Danny Sheridan pick games by intuition. He has a high regard for the point spread, believing that it is a solid indication of how two teams match up. It takes injuries into consideration as well as coaching advantages and even mental attitudes. If football were mechanical rather than emotional, Sheridan agrees that the spread would make almost every game equal.

Late Saturday, as the afternoon scores roll in, Sheridan studies the next week's matchups and begins his ritual of picking. He starts groping for a "feeling," never pushing for it. He crams "tiny emotions" into his head. Is one team coming off an upset? High or low in spirits? Ripe to play over its head? Is somebody on the list loaded with seniors who were beaten—better yet, humiliated—by its upcoming opponent once before?

"I can't explain the instincts I try to cram away," Sheridan says. He might walk to nearby Ladd Stadium "to get closer to football," to summon "the feeling." At home Danny slips into his lucky robe, a multicolored checkered velour and terry cloth eyesore he says seldom lets him down. He reviews record books and coaches' quotes from last year's newspapers.

"Sometimes I shake all that information around up there, and nothing comes out," Sheridan says. So he retires. But every once in a while, Sheridan swears, he bolts upright in bed, awakened like a man smelling smoke, having dreamed a glimpse of a game. "I dreamed about that Kansas game last year," he says. "I

continued

Only one U.S. airline can take you to all these places.

Europe
Asia
Africa
Australia
South America
North America

It doesn't look like much of a list. But where else can you go?

So choosing an airline for your trip abroad should be a very simple task.

Because not only can we take you to any of 99 cities in

64 countries on 6 continents, we can probably take you when it's most convenient.

(Just about every two minutes, somewhere in the world, a Pan Am jet is either taking off or landing.)

So next time you're plan-

ning to get out into the world, ask your travel agent to put you on Pan Am.

The only U.S. airline that flies to all of it.



PAN AM.

The Spirit of '75.

See your Travel Agent.

saw players jumping up and down and fans going wild in the stands. It was my three-star Sheridan Special for the whole year."

And yet there still is no Sheridan tip sheet, nor will there probably ever be one. "I think the whole thing has started to get out of hand," he says. "I'd rather keep it a hobby. But if a friend wants some advice, I'm still available."

THE WEEK

by RON REID

SOUTH Ranked No. 2 in the pre-season polls and a 20-point favorite to beat Missouri, Alabama did an elf fold before a national television audience and 63,000 stunned onlookers in Birmingham. Before the game an ABC executive voiced the hope that Missouri somehow might score at least one touchdown before halftime so the eastern viewing audience wouldn't turn off and turn in. He got his wish and more, as the ball-hogging Tigers took a 20-0 halftime lead en route to a 20-7 victory.

With no mood for sustained drama, Tony Galtbreath gained 75 of his 120 yards in the first quarter, one of his 32 carries producing the game's first touchdown. Another hero was Defensive Tackle Keith Morrissey, a former high school quarterback who was making his debut in that position for the Tigers. The 227-pound Morrissey made nine individual tackles, including two sacks of Alabama Quarterback Richard Todd that washed up a Tide comeback with seven minutes left. Bama's running attack gained only 31 yards (on 34 carries) while Missouri, with a 75-57 edge in plays, rushed for 206 yards.

"They made us look like some kind of baryard outfit," the Bear growled.

Alabama's loss caused Shug Jordan, in his 25th and final year as Auburn head coach, to warn his seventh-ranked Tigers about upsets. "Remember," he said, "Goliath was a 40-point favorite over Little David, but Little David knocked him on his can."

The Tigers, however, either missed the point or weren't listening as Memphis State, a 17-point underdog, stung them 31-20. Six Auburn turnovers and the passing of sophomore Quarterback Kippy Brown enabled State to build a surprisingly easy 24-0 halftime lead as Auburn's offense never crossed midfield. The Tigers closed the gap in the third quarter, scoring twice on their first two possessions, but a fumble killed their hopes as State drove 76 yards for the clinching touchdown. Auburn's Mitzi Jackson, who scored on a 61-yard run, finished with 177 yards on 21 carries, the best game an Au-

burn runner has had in 16 years. It also marked the first time since 1965 that both Alabama schools dropped their opening games.

In Knoxville junior Tailback Stanley Morgan scored on a 50-yard draw play, a 70-yard punt return and a one-yard sweep to lead Tennessee to a 26-8 rout of Maryland. The Vols defense also sparkled, recovering three fumbles and holding the Terps to two first downs in the first half.

Completing nine of 12 passes for 187 yards and two touchdowns, Florida Quarterback Don Gaffney ran for another score as the Gators crushed SMU 40-14. Florida racked up 527 yards total offense in its most impressive opening win in nine years.

Clemson, a dark-horse pick for the Atlantic Coast Conference title, committed eight turnovers in a 17-13 loss to Tulane after giving Coach Red Parker another turnover of sorts before kickoff. Taking a pincushion in warmup drills, Running Back Don Tessem turned the corner, nailed his coach full tilt and sent Parker sailing into the end zone. "I wasn't paying attention," Parker said. Tulane's Wyatt Washington was. He intercepted three passes, returning one 76 yards for a touchdown.

Elsewhere, Wake Forest won its first ACC game since 1972 by upsetting North Carolina State 30-22. Kentucky veered over Virginia Tech 27-8 and South Carolina made Jim Carlen's coaching debut a happy one with a 23-17 defeat of Georgia Tech.

1. Florida (1-0)

2. Tennessee (1-0) 3. Kentucky (1-0)

SOUTHWEST

Al Conover, the flamboyant coach of the Rice Owls, said his two quarterbacks were so even in ability that he would wait until game time and have them cut cards to see who would start against Houston. Tommy Kramer got the job when his queen of clubs beat Claude Reed's seven of diamonds. Conover's ace in the hole, however, was Gary Cox, whose 70-yard punt return gave the Owls their first touchdown in a 24-7 upset. Rice also got an 86-yard interception return for another touchdown from Larry Brant on route to a 24-0 halftime lead.

Texas scored the first three times it had the ball and led 19-0 after little more than nine minutes, but the Longhorns' 46-0 rout of Colorado State came too easy to answer Darrell Royal's questions. The most pleasing aspect of the game for Longhorn fans was the running of sophomore Fullback Earl Campbell, who gained 103 yards in 13 carries and had a 75-yard touchdown run nullified by a clipping penalty.

It was a familiar story for Texas A&M—great defense, no offense—in a 7-0 defeat of Mississippi. The Aggies limited the Rebels to two first downs until late in the fourth

quarter, when Ole Miss marched in the A&M 11-yard line before being stopped.

Reserve Tailback Billy Taylor carried six times for 51 yards, including a 16-yard touchdown run to cap a fourth-quarter drive as Texas Tech beat Florida State 31-20. The Red Raiders also got fine defensive work from Nose Guard Ecomet Burley, who blocked a conversion attempt and made a key sack of quarterback Larry Key.

Arkansas shot down Air Force 35-0.

1. Texas (1-0)

2. Texas A&M (1-0) 3. Baylor (1-0)

MIDWEST

While Ohio State was spanking Michigan State in East Lansing (page 12) Michigan indicated in its 23-6 licking of Wisconsin that the Big Ten again will be the Big Two this season. The Wolverines gave up three interceptions, a fumble and a 56-yard punt return but still held the Badgers to two field goals.

On offense, Bo Schenckler turned loose senior Tailback Gorden Bell, who raced for 210 yards on 28 carries and caught a seven-yard touchdown pass from freshman Quarterback Rick Leach.

While Bell made a shambles of the Badger defense, Wisconsin's All-American candidate Billy Marek gained only 58 yards on 21 carries and Quarterback Dan Kopma completed only three passes for 27 yards.

Randy Dean, an engineering student with a 3.95 grade-point average, carried another A when he led Northwestern to a 31-23 upset of Purdue, his father's alma mater. Dean completed six of eight passes for 127 yards and rushed for 42 more as his first start at quarterback. The game had another ironic note for losing Coach Alon Agase: Greg Boykin, whom Agase recruited when he coached at Northwestern, rushed for 123 yards and scored three touchdowns. "He didn't show us anything we didn't already know," Agase sighed.

Lee Corso saved his second Big Ten win in three seasons as Indiana took Minnesota 20-14, holding the Gophers scoreless in the second half. Courtney Snyder, who rushed for 174 yards, paced the Hoosiers, but Terry Jones got the winning touchdown on a one-yard quarterback sneak. In another Big Ten inaugural, Illinois whipped Iowa 27-12.

Pity the Oklahoma Sooners, who fumbled 12 times and lost 75 yards in penalties in their season's opener against Oregon. Paying for these mistakes, the Sooners had to settle for 617 yards total offense and a 62-7 victory, their 21st in a row. Barry Switzer used 59 players in the lopsided Duck hunt, Horace Ivory making his collegiate debut by gaining 104 yards on nine carries.

In other games Nebraska parlayed a 122-0 edge in punt return yardage with rugged defense to hold off LSU 40-7; Washington State's Chuck Dredrick kicked four field

goals in an 18-14 upset of Kansas and Miami of Ohio extended its unbeaten streak to 24 with a 50-0 devastation of Marshall.

1. Oklahoma (5-0)
2. Michigan (5-0) 3. Ohio State (5-0)

EAST It will obviously take more than mere success for Joe Paterno to change his mind on the merits of the NCAA freshman eligibility rule which, in the unheralded person of Tom Donovan, helped Penn State to a 34-14 conquest of Stanford.

"I still don't like the rule," Paterno said after unleashing Donovan in a record-breaking varsity debut. "I still think it's bad for the kids."

It didn't do much good for Stanford, either, as Donovan, substituting for the injured Jimmy Cefalo, became the first freshman in State's history to rush for more than 100 yards. He picked up 113 on 10 carries, including a 61-yard touchdown run late in the first half. Donovan, whose name did not appear in the depth charts, found out he would be used only hours before the game, when Paterno told him he would carry in the plays.

Penn State also unveiled a variety of formations on rushing for 330 yards on 70 carries while the Lions' defense loosed a three-man front against Mike Cordova's passing attack. Cordova threw for 211 yards and two touchdowns, but was intercepted three times.

Syracuse recovered from seven fumbles, a blocked punt and a 17-0 deficit to beat Villanova 24-17 in a game no one seemed to want from start to finish. With 17 seconds left Syracuse was penalized for pass interference, giving Villanova the ball on the Orange two-yard line. On the next play the Wildcats fumbled for the sixth time and Syracuse recovered. Replacing Bob Mitch, Quarterback Jim Donoghue led the Syracuse comeback by passing for 214 yards and two touchdowns.

West Virginia turned two second-half interceptions into touchdowns on the way to a 50-7 rout of Temple, a one-point loss to Penn State the week before. It was Wayne Hardin's second-worst defeat in five years with the Owls.

On another front, Army marched over Holy Cross 44-7.

1. Penn State (3-0)
2. Pittsburgh (1-0) 3. West Virginia (1-0)

WEST No running back is USC's proud history, including Mike Garrett, O. J. Simpson or Anthony Davis, started a season more impressively than did Ricky Bell in USC's 35-7 conquest of Duke, which left Trojan alumni breathing easy about Davis' replacement.

A 6'2", 215-pound junior tailback, Bell shattered the USC single-game rushing record.

Continued

Smokers of the best-selling regular size cigarette:

Cut your 'tar' in half



with
LUCKY 100's

**Lowest
in 'tar' of all
regular 100's**

According to latest
U.S. Government Report.

LUCKY 100's... "tar" 10 mg. nicotine, 0.7 mg.
Best-selling regular size... "tar" 25 mg. nicotine, 1.6 mg.
Of all brands, lowest... "tar" 2 mg. nicotine, 0.2 mg.

As Per Cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LUCKY 100's, 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.

CLARKS POLYVELDT™

U.S. Government patent pending.



In times like these when nothing lasts, Polyveltd is revolutionary. It lasts.

Clarks has invented a wholly new kind of shoe that's made to be more comfortable, more durable, than any shoe ever worn by man or woman before. It's called Polyveltd, and only Clarks of England can make it.

We think you've had enough of shoes that wear out too fast. Polyveltd puts an end to all that. In abrasion tests, the Polyveltd sole has outlasted leather, rubber and crepe. Polyveltd shoes we've tested showed barely a change in the sole after a year and a half of constant wear. Polyveltd is lighter, so it doesn't cause the kind of fatigue other shoes do and flexible, so it moves the way your foot does.

But the most important characteristic of Polyveltd is its comfort.



In a regular shoe, if you stepped on a sharp rock, you'd feel the point through the sole. In a Polyveltd, the sole accommodates the unevenness, acts as a shock absorber, and keeps your foot evenly cushioned.

The upper form of the shoe is made of the highest quality leather, carefully treated and prepared by experts in leather craft before it qualifies for the Polyveltd shoe. Thick cut and carefully molded, it rounds out the total comfort and quality of the Polyveltd.

Polyveltd is revolutionizing footwear, setting a standard that all manufacturers should try to meet.

Come in and see for yourself. We've told you as much as we can, your feet will tell you the rest.

Polyveltd for men and women. Made only by Clarks of England.



Clarks®
OF ENGLAND

Made by skilled hands the world over.

Available in dark brown and workboot yellow. High and low cut.
Women's about \$35.00. Men's about \$36.00. For the store nearest you write to Clarks, Box 161, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022, Dept. 9251

COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

ord—set by C. R. Roberts in 1956—by ripping off 256 yards on 34 carries. He also scored four touchdowns and made good the prophecy of Roberts' wife, who told her husband, "Your record's going to fall tonight, honey." Roberts, who set the old standard of 251 yards against Texas, came out of the stands to congratulate Bell when Ricky left the game with 4:06 remaining.

"I didn't have any idea I was that close to the record," Bell said. "I just wanted to play a good game. I figured I'd carry 15 or 20 times but never 34. Man, now I know what O.J., A.D. and the rest went through."

Bell tore inside and outside almost at will, but it wasn't a solo effort. The USC offensive line ripped gaps in the Duke defense that any of the "Baby Brigade" could have run through. A lot of them did, since the fourth-ranked Trojans used nine different backs to net 434 yards.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Tailback Ricky Bell got off to a ringing start in Southern California's 35-7 win over Duke. Bell scored four touchdowns and averaged more than seven yards a carry as he set a USC one-game rushing record of 256 yards.

DEFENSE: Missouri Tackle Keith Mortensen, 6' 4", 227-pound sophomore, anchored a stout defense that limited second-ranked Alabama to 118 yards. Mortensen contributed nine individual tackles to the Tigers' surprising 20-7 win.

California and Colorado combined for 948 yards of total offense and innumerable defensive mistakes before the Buffaloes won 34-27. Colorado Quarterback David Williams rushed for 114 yards and the winning touchdown while completing one of 15 passes for 108 yards and another score.

UCLA's veer attack looked sluggish before John Scarra, the Bruins do-everything quarterback, directed his mates to a 37-21 win over Iowa State. Scarra moved the Bruins 91, 69 and 59 yards for scores on three successive possessions in the third quarter. Scarra himself carried 25 times for 102 yards. With no accomplished back to share the running chores he will be UCLA's marked man.

Arizona State solved a quarterback problem while beating Washington 35-12. Fred Mortensen got a field promotion under fire when he came into the game with the score 14-12 and 11:38 left, and guided the Sun Devils to three touchdowns.

In other contests, San Diego State shut out Oregon State 25-0 and Texas A&M ruined Aloha Stadium's inaugural by crushing Hawaii 43-9.

1. USC (1-0)

2. UCLA (1-0) 3. Arizona St. (1-0)

GET UP TO \$5 BACK FOR MAKING YOUR FAMILY LOOK LIKE A MILLION.



There's only one thing that looks better than a pair of Cool-Ray® Polarized Sunglasses.

A whole Cool-Ray family.

So to get you to get them, we'll make you an offer.

Buy 3 pairs, and we'll send you a check for \$5.

Buy 2 pairs and get \$2.50. Or buy 1 pair and get \$1.
(Just send us the Cool-Ray tag(s) from the sunglasses,
your cash register receipt, and the coupon below.)

Unlike other major brands of sunglasses, all Cool-Ray
styles are polarized. To decrease reflected
glare up to 99%.

So take advantage. If you think your family
looks good now, just wait till you see them in
our sunglasses.



**COOL-RAY
POLARIZED
SUNGLASSES**

Cool-Ray Rebate Box 21072 El Paso Texas 79977
Must be postmarked by 12/31/75. Limit one per family.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____
I enclose my cash register receipt and:
☐ 3 Cool-Ray tags for a \$5 refund
☐ 2 Cool-Ray tags for a \$2.50 refund
☐ 1 Cool-Ray tag for a \$1 refund
Void where prohibited.
Allow 6 weeks for refund.

91

here's johnny!



Photograph by Zimmerman Bros., Denver, Colorado



A performer's life isn't all bright lights and crowds. I like to make time for soft lights and just a few friends. But still, I want to look good—whatever I'm doing. That's why my new Fall Collection suits me so well. This salt-and-pepper tweed suit has a lot of style, a lot of flair. And it feels really good on. Same with the vested Cheviot plaid. On camera or on my own, I feel well dressed. And that's important to me."

JOHNNY CARSON "KENDALL" SUIT AND JOHNNY CARSON "CROFT" SUIT
COLOR COORDINATED SHIRTS AND TIES COMPLETE THE WARDROBE. SEE THE ENTIRE JOHNNY CARSON WARDROBE
AT FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



JOHNNY CARSON APPAREL INC. FOR NAME OF THE NEAREST DEALER WRITE TO
2020 ELMWOOD AVE. BUFFALO, N.Y. 14240. CANADIAN RESIDENTS WRITE 637 LAKE SHORE
BLVD. W. TORONTO 28 ONTARIO. 81-1-1

Freida the Frog Girl was there. So was the Human Blockhead, impassively driving nails into his skull. Fifi the India Rubber Girl tied herself into granny knots. And there was no missing Jolly Dolly, an endomorphic wonder "who is so fat," cried the Barker, "that it takes 10 boys to hug her and a buscar to hug her." Yes sir, the 1975 Indiana State Fair had something for everyone.

But no attraction, not even the big cookie bake-off or the rooster-crowing finals, was quite as compelling as the Invisible Man. He appeared—and disappeared—one boiling afternoon at the fair's speedway in the guise of Larry (Butch) Hartman, stock-car racer. Predictably, Butch won the pole position for the State Fair Century by gunning his 1974 Dodge Charger around the one-mile dirt oval in a record 38.15 seconds. But later, while leading the 100-mile race, the car developed troubles on the 76th lap, and he pulled in, never to return.

Now you see him, now you don't. That has been Butch Hartman's act ever since he began competing on the United States Auto Club circuit 10 seasons ago. Not that he makes a habit of dropping out. Hartman has won the USAC stock-car championship the last four years, and now, with the season's final coming up this Sunday in Trenton, N.J., Butch is gunning for five in a row.

Four, repeat four, consecutive championships. Be it hog calling or cookie baking, Hartman figures that a four-time champ of anything is worthy of some kind of hoopla. But there are no PR roosters crowing for Butch. His feat is the best-kept secret in auto racing.

True, Hartman has won some money—\$27,805 so far this year, \$299,450 during his career. But that is not the stuff on which egos are fed. What Butch wants, indeed craves, is recognition, just the tiniest bit of acclaim in the world outside the USAC ovals. Yet beyond such stock-car outposts as Odessa, Mo. and Salem, Ind., Butch Hartman is, in his own words, "a nobody."

"Shoot," says Butch, "we can't even stir up some dust in my own home state." That fact was made stingingly clear earlier this year when Hartman, a native of Zanesville, Ohio, put his car on display at trade fairs in Akron and Toledo. "There must have been 300,000 people see our car," says the Invisible Man, "and

What was the name again?



Why it's sure-enough good old Larry, uh, Hartman the Invisible racing Man. You may call him Butch if you like, but remember: don't forget

three-quarters of them never even heard of Butch Hartman or the USAC stocks. We couldn't believe it. What does a guy have to do to get a little recognition?"

In Zanesville, it helps to hang out at Mama Bucci's, a pizzeria that is half a lap or so from Hartman's garage. In fact, until he developed a hankering for Mama's lasagna, Butch was just another meatball, known in Zanesville but nowhere near as noted as Zane Grey, the town's favorite son. That affront was corrected by Ron Bucci, an adman who helps run Mama's place. "Butch comes into our restaurant to eat after every race," says Bucci, "and I'd always ask him how he did because I never saw the results in our paper. This kept going on for four years until this summer. I finally said, 'By darn, it's about time people found out who Butch Hartman is.'"

In a town of barely 33,000 souls it is hard to ignore a lamppost, much less a four-time national champion. Nonetheless, when Bucci called the editor of the *Zanesville Times Recorder* to rev up some publicity the reply was, "Butch who?"

Zanesville's Ambassador to the Automobile World, that's who. At least that is

the billing Bucci demanded when he induced the mayor to proclaim Aug. 18-24 as Butch Hartman Week. Promotional wheels whirling, Bucci got local merchants to plaster 24 billboards with THIS IS BUTCH HARTMAN COUNTRY. Butch Hartman T shirts and bumper stickers were cranked out. Station WHIZ extolled Butch in a half-hour TV special. And *The Times Recorder* belatedly discovered the Wizard on Wheels—"a genuine folk hero who could stand shoulder-to-shoulder with the likes of Paul Bunyan and never bat an eyelash"—in feature stories wrapped around congratulatory ads. Zane Grey, move over.

The finale was a car caravan that followed Hartman to the Indy Fairgrounds. No matter that his Charger didn't finish; 500 supporters whooping it up in the grandstand can make a man feel downright visible.

Still, it was only greater Zanesville. Down South is something else, a big growing something called the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing. The hard truth is that when it comes to stock cars NASCAR is to USAC what Pan Am is to Piedmont. Or as one sign

CONTINUED

in Zanesville inadvertently summed it up, "There is nothing Petty about Butch Hartman."

Richard Petty, king of the NASCAR Grand National circuit, has all the coveted perks, all the fame and good fortune Hartman is denied. The reasons for NASCAR's dominance over the USAC stocks are several, while the cars look alike, differentiated only by mechanical technicalities, NASCAR runs longer races for a lot more money at larger speedways, it is older and more established; it thrives in the heartland of the stock-car culture, it has national TV coverage, and it blows a mighty loud promotional horn.

All of which might be bearable, says Hartman, if he did not also have to suffer the indignity of being snubbed by his own association. "NASCAR has only one main division," he says, "and all the news is aimed at that. In USAC there are five divisions competing for the spotlight. The championship cars [Indy 500-type] get most of the coverage."

It does not seem to matter that when some of the "big guys," as Hartman calls them, have decided to enter a USAC stock-car race, Butch has beaten them all—Petty, A. J. Foyt, Buddy Baker, Bobby Allison, LeeRoy Yarborough, Al and Bobby Unser. Conversely, the few times Hartman has tested the high-banked ovals of NASCAR he has done well. In 1968 he became the first rookie ever to lead the Daytona 500, in 1971 he won the Pocono 500 and this year he finished second in the 200-miler at Talladega, Ala. "We don't say that we're the best," says Butch, "but we're competitive."

As one NASCAR hero discovered when he haughtily told Hartman, "Face it, Butch, you're not as good as we are," Hartman is also combative. Butch confesses, "I don't take long to get mad." In July, after outdistancing Foyt, Allison, et al., to win a 200-mile race at the Michigan International Speedway, Hartman was disqualified when a post-race inspection showed his fuel tank was 2.2 gallons

over the maximum. Sensing a conspiracy, out \$6,300 in prize money and 250 title points, Hartman was in no mood for rival Jack Brouwer's sneering remark, "It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy." Butch decked him on the spot.

Employed full-time at his father's truck agency, Hartman is one of the few successful drivers for whom racing is solely an avocation. He has no factory support, no sponsors. He builds his own engines, tows his own cars hundreds of miles each racing weekend. And late at night, when not probing the mysteries of carburetion at his garage, he can be found behind the wheel of one of his father's heavy-duty wreckers ("No hill too steep, no ditch too deep"), rumbling to the rescue of an imperiled truck.

It all comes naturally to Butch. His father Dick, voted the outstanding USAC mechanic in 1968, raced a pair of Ford coupes on the jalopy circuit, winning 126 races in a two-year period. Butch soloed in his father's pickup truck at seven. At nine he and his brother were given a 1939

Hy-Gain Citizens Two-Way Radio. You've Got a Friend.

Hy-Gain Citizens Two-Way Radio. Convenient, high quality, personal radio communications at a reasonable price.

Hy-Gain makes high efficiency Citizens Two-Way

radios for home and road, along with the finest antennas and accessories. There's a Hy-Gain Citizens Two-Way Radio System that's just right for you. Complete systems from under \$150.

Wherever you go, you've got a friend as near as your Hy-Gain Citizens Two-Way radio.

hy-gain®

Hy-Gain Electronics Corporation/8601 Northeast Highway 6/Lincoln, Nebraska 68505



PICTURED HY-GAINCE IS A FULL FEATURE, 22 CHANNEL MODEL

Ford sedan to overhaul which they christened *Death and Destruction*. Says Hartman, "What one of us didn't kill, the other tore up."

After a one-year fling at Otterbein College, Butch tore up so many back roads drag stripping that he was sent off to the Marines for four years. Then, in 1964, Hartman, his father and his uncle began competing in as many as five stock-car races on a weekend, driving all night from one tumbledown dirt track to another. "When we had the time," says Butch, "we'd sleep for a couple of hours in ditches alongside the road. When we didn't, one of us would stand on the running board of our old Buick and fuel our pickup truck with a five-gallon can of gas while we were tearing down the road. I think we invented in-flight refueling."

In 1966, displaying a daring flair for driving on the outside, up high on the track where potential disaster lurks, Hartman performed well enough to be named USAC Rookie of the Year. In 1967 he was the Most Improved Driver, in 1968 the Outstanding Driver and then—poof!—the Invisible Man.

Now 35 and figuring that "I've accomplished just about everything I can in USAC," Hartman is cooling it. He has other aims these days, none of which includes accepting the many offers to drive in the Indy 500. "Those cars are too dangerous," says his wife Myra. "I like Butch the way he is." "Yeah," says Hartman, "fat and in one chunk. I can't see jeopardizing everything we have—including my neck—for money. Why should I have to get killed to get recognition?"

Why indeed, when Hartman has already decided, beginning with the Charlotte 500 on Oct. 5, to "get some prestige by racing down South." With Steve Luallen, a first-rate mechanic, and an increasingly professional operation Butch says he is ready to compete in the NASCAR races that were once too expensive and too distant for his small independent team. Confident that "I can drive with Petty and the other NASCAR drivers, without a doubt," he hopes to one day reach a simple but elusive goal.

"When I get through racing and someone brings my name up in a beer joint," Butch Hartman says dreamily, "I want to be remembered as one of the best." Then, pausing for a moment, he adds, "Heck, right now I'd settle for just being remembered."

END

Is Inver House really Soft as a Kiss?



Sip.
Kiss.
Compare.



Go ahead. Sip some Inver House Scotch. Very pleasant. Then kiss someone. Even nicer.

And — compare. Inver House Scotch passes the test every time. Because it's distilled, blended and aged gently in Airdrie, Scotland until it is Soft as a Kiss.

So find a friend and try it.

Once summer is over and the last of the designated tournaments has been played, it takes more than just a bundle of money or a Las Vegas chorus line to lure the stars of the PGA tour from their autumnal pursuits—elk hunts and football games interspersed with trips to Japan.

Last week at the \$200,000 World Open the bait was Pinehurst's No. 2 course, the Donald Ross masterpiece in the sand hills region of North Carolina that has captivated golfers since it was built in 1903. Tom Weiskopf declared the course was fun. Johnny Miller said it motivated him. Jack Nicklaus, absorbed as he is these days with golf architecture, spoke of the greatness of the Ross design. And none of them seemed to mind in the least that for a while it looked as though some lesser mortal, Pat Fitzsimons or Ed Sneed, perhaps, might walk off with the \$40,000 first-place money that was rightfully theirs.

But only for a while. Then the big boys moved in. On Saturday, Weiskopf, who had been calm and confident all week, finished fast with birdies on the 15th, 16th and 17th to shoot a 68 and move into the lead. Fitzsimons, who had held the 36-hole lead, had a 71 that was a mixture of birdies and bogeys, but it was good enough for second, one stroke back. "I know I can play the difficult course well," he said later. "Riviera, Medinah, this one. I played Augusta well, too, except for one round."

Nicklaus? He was fiddling around back there, five strokes behind Weiskopf. He had shot a 70 but said he had played poorly. "I haven't quite put it all together this week," he said, as if even he now considered it too late. Then in an afterthought he added, "But if I jump in with a 65 tomorrow, the game's on."

Sunday dawned clear and windy and Nicklaus knew the game was on. "As soon as I saw what kind of day it was, I knew I wouldn't have to shoot a 65. I knew the field would back up."

And how it backed up. Fitzsimons dropped three strokes in three holes as he made the turn and never got them back. Weiskopf bogeyed four holes on the front side and began to lose his composure. A child picking bark off a pine tree at the 9th green, a photographer shooting at too close range on the tee at 10 became agents of the devil that plagues

Then out of the pack came Jack

Jack Nicklaus won the World Open when no one else stepped forward

all golfers in contention, especially Weiskopf. Actually, he recovered his composure sufficiently to birdie the par-5 16th, but then, on 18, when a par would have put him into a playoff, he missed a six-foot putt after a good 30-yard trap shot and bogeyed the hole.

Meanwhile Nicklaus was making a pair of birdies, avoiding windblown mistakes and watching everybody but Billy Casper come racing back to him. Casper, who started the day four strokes off the lead and one stroke ahead of Nicklaus, bogeyed a couple of holes on the front nine but got them back, and when he birdied the 15th from 25 feet he drew even with Nicklaus.

Casper kept the tie alive through the last three holes of regulation play, but like the others, he too was a goner when his tee shot dived into the rough on the first hole of the playoff. Nicklaus' routine par—two putts from 20 feet—won the tournament, his fifth of the year, and raised his earnings for 1975 to \$291,849. He missed only one green all day, the par-3 15th, when his tee shot landed off the right edge. But, as was typical of his round, he nearly holed his 35-foot chip shot and tapped in for a par. It was a quiet, professional 69, the lowest score of the day.

When it was noted that 13 of his 16 pars were two-putts from distances of 20 feet or more, Nicklaus said, "When you get Pinehurst with wind and the pins are tucked away, it is very difficult to get close. That's the way No. 2 is supposed to play and what makes it a great course."

Jack added that he considers this his best golfing year yet. His record was slightly more impressive in 1972—more money and more wins to go with the two

majors—but in terms of consistency, he thinks 1975 has been superior.

Each year since its flashy inception in 1973 the World Open has lowered its sights and raised its rating. The first year, the event, then held in November, was 10 days and 144 holes long, and the prize money was a record \$500,000. It was played on two courses because the field was so large, and it was an unwieldy flop that Miller Barber won and Nicklaus, Weiskopf and Lee Trevino didn't even bother to enter. Weiskopf and Nicklaus went hunting and Trevino said he was incapable of staying anywhere for 10 days, much less in Pinehurst, N.C.

Last year the Tournament Players Division gave the World Open designated tournament status and a September date, so a glittering field was assured. Johnny Miller won a four-way playoff, beating Nicklaus, Frank Beard and Bob Murphy, but two courses were still being used and the field remained huge.

This year, at last, the Diamondhead Corporation, which acquired Pinehurst lock, stock and village five years ago, decided to let its greatest asset, No. 2, do the talking. The field was pared to a normal 156, the purse to \$200,000 and the play was entirely on the one course. Suddenly the tournament had character. The presence last week of the British Ryder Cup team, on its way to Pennsylvania's Laurel Valley, did not hurt either. The nine Britishers and three Irishmen gave the old spa a cosmopolitan air as they tried to make their chip shots run on slow American greens.

On Thursday, opening day, a carillon in the village chapel played a noontime medley of old fundamentalist favorites ("... was lost, bu-ut now am found") and the cannons from Fort Bragg 30 miles away thumped like distant thunder while Lee Elder shot a 65, his best round in a difficult year and the lowest round of the tournament by two strokes.

Friday seemed like two days. The rain that had interrupted play briefly on Thursday held off until evening, but a strong gusty wind blew up in the afternoon and scores blew up with it. The morning rounds produced two 67s, Ben Crenshaw's and Joe Imman's, but no one who teed off in the afternoon could do better than 69. Leading the field after 36 holes with a 67-69—136, six under par, was the L.A. Open winner Fitzsimons.

continued

If your credit card is only good for charging things, it's only half a card.

Of course, you can use the American Express® Card for charging things. It's welcome at hotels, restaurants, stores, airlines and car rentals all around the world. But charging things is only half of it.

There are many other benefits you get with the American Express Card that no other single card can give you. Here are just a few:

\$25,000 travel accident insurance. Cardmembership includes \$25,000 travel accident coverage for you and your family automatically when your airline, ship, train or bus tickets are charged on an American Express Card. (\$5,000,000 maximum liability per aircraft.)

A home away from home. The American Express Company, its subsidiaries and representatives have more than 600 offices around the world to help you as you travel. You can buy Travelers Cheques, make travel arrangements, check out your itinerary. They'll even hold your mail for you.

Emergency check cashing. With the American Express Card, your personal check is guaranteed up to \$50 at participating hotels and motels where you're a guest. And, you can always cash \$50 personal checks and get up to \$450 in Travelers Cheques at most offices of the American Express Company, its



subsidiaries and representatives across the nation and around the world.

Dollars and sense on foreign currency exchange. When you have charged something in a foreign country on the American Express Card, the statement you get back home lists both the amount in the foreign currency and in dollars. This makes it easy to figure the conversion rate. Some other cards just give you the dollar amount.

No automatic finance charge. Many cards charge an annual percentage rate up to 18% on your unpaid balance. Not American Express. You pay your bill in full when you get it. But there may be times when you do wish to stretch out payments for airline tickets or a vacation. With our Sign & Fly®

and Sign & Travel® plans, you can extend your payments, with a finance charge. But the annual percentage rate is one of the lowest available. And both plans are optional—not automatic.

No preset spending limit. Unlike the American Express Card, many cards limit in advance the amount you can charge. Sometimes to as little as \$500. This can be trouble if you're on a trip and discover you've exceeded your limit.

A complete billing record. For business and tax records in nearly every instance, you get a copy of the bill you signed, plus a summary of all transactions. You know what you spent, plus where and when you spent it.

The American Express Card may be more difficult to get than most other cards, but it's worth a lot more when you get it. Because charging things is only half of what the Card can do for you.

So if you don't already have the American Express Card, look for the application display wherever the Card is welcomed.

Or if you'd like an application sent right now, just call 800-528-8000.

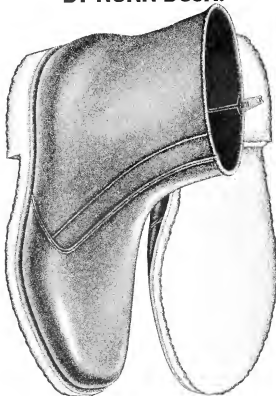


The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

© American Express Company, 1975



DOWNTOWN STRUTTERS BY NUNN BUSH.



THE DOWNTOWN PART THE STRUTTER PART

Downtown Strutters: a plantation crepe sole topped off by glove leather in antique chestnut brown.

Available as wingtips, moc fronts, buckles, ties, saddles and boots. Only from Nunn Bush.

For your nearest dealer, write Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

**NUNN
BUSH**

GOLF *continued*

Even Nicklaus was impressed. "Some good golf was played out there today," he said, after shooting an even-par 71. "Better than I'd have expected at Pinehurst. I haven't been throwing any shots away and I'm five strokes off the lead and there are 10 or 12 guys ahead of me." Poor Jack.

Off the course, however, Nicklaus was a walking diplomatic accident. On Thursday a reporter asked him whether the real reason he had refused his place on the two-man U.S. team for the World Cup in Bangkok was that he feared for his life in politically unsettled Thailand. Jack answered, "You hit it on the button," and the story flew out over the AP news wire. The upshot was that the U.S. State Department, possibly for the first time in the history of the Republic, was forced to take a position in *re* a golfer. Its position was to "take exception" to Nicklaus' position.

Then there was the inevitable request for Nicklaus' opinion of the golf course. With characteristic candor Jack complied. "I used to think this and Firestone were the top two courses in the world," he said. "But they've made some changes here. I still think it is one of the top five or six."

Furthermore, he said, "This is a better golf course than Augusta. Augusta has the nostalgia and all that. But it's probably the worst-conditioned golf course we play. It's pretty and green, but there's no grass in the fairways and every shot is a flyer. A month later it would be perfect." Augusta National? Worst-conditioned? Say it isn't so, Jack!

Even Nicklaus' silver-topped caddie, Angelo Argea, got into the act. Argea drew a 30-day suspension from TPD Commissioner Deane Beman for being seen inside the clubhouse, clubhouses being off limits to caddies just as they once were to pros.

After this week's Ryder Cup, a dwindling troupe of players will cross the continent one more time, but Nicklaus will be with them only as far as Napa, Calif. and the Kaiser International. After that he will play the Australian Open, fish the Great Barrier Reef, travel to Spain on business, and maybe Japan, too, watch his Buckeyes play football in Columbus and his two sons play football in Florida. That is how the best golfer in the world rewards himself for the best year he's ever had.

Have fun, Jack. You've earned it. **END**

How to help avoid The Unexpected Bill.



In today's economy, when it's a real battle handling the bills you expect, the last thing you need is an unexpected bill.

Well, Quaker State Motor Oil can help.

Regular changes with Quaker State can help you avoid unexpected, expensive engine repair bills.

Made from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, the world's choicest, Quaker State oils are fortified by oil specialists who have always made high quality a tradition.

And today, when you need Quaker State more than ever, it's available in more places than ever.

DeLuxe, Super Blend or HD, whichever type is best for your kind of driving.

Quaker State can't stop the bills you expect.

But it sure can help you avoid the unexpected.

Quaker State your car to keep it running young.



DeWITT W. King, Charleston, S.C.



Montgomery-Benson, Xenia, O.



William E. Seely, Inc., Morristown, N.J.



Rates Fuller, Inc., Agency, West Springfield, Mass.

Over 16,000 locations to serve you.

Wherever you live, there's an Insurance Store near you.

And whatever kind of insurance you need, it can help you

Introducing The New Easy Way to Buy Insurance.

The idea behind The Insurance Store is to let you do all your insurance shopping in just one place.

It can save you time. Save you money. And assure you the correct coverage.

An Entire Store Filled with Insurance.

At The Insurance Store, insurance is our main business. Not just some sideline.

So it's not sold from behind a counter that's hidden behind the power mowers and paint supplies.

Visit your nearest Insurance Store and you'll see wall-to-wall insurance.

In fact, with one stop, you can find every kind of insurance. Including homeowners, automobile, marine, health, life, theft, liability, bond, aviation, and business insurance.

Your Choice of Insurance Companies, Policies, and Prices.

As you can see, no two Insurance Stores look alike.

That's because each one is owned and operated by an independent insurance agent—who is beholden to no one insurance company.

Unlike agents who represent Allstate or State Farm only, independent agents offer you a wide variety of insurance companies, policies, and prices.

So whatever you need—when you shop at The Insurance Store, you can always select. You don't have to merely settle.

The Insurance Store is a registered trademark of The Insurance Store, Inc. © 1977 The Insurance Store, Inc.



Standard-Aetna & Sweet, Inc., Miami, Fla.



Fox and Fox Ins. Agency, Indianapolis, Ind.



Balden, Carter & Viles, Oxnard, Calif.

**Famous Name Brands—
including Continental Insurance.**

Some of the insurance companies you'll find at The Insurance Store specialize in low price.

Others, in broader coverage.

We—at Continental—offer you a combination of both.

For example, consider our unique Personal Comprehensive Protection Plan, the all-in-one plan.

It lets you combine separate policies on your home, your car, and yourself all into one neat little package that gives you more insurance coverage for your insurance dollar.

**Save with Low Prices
and Exact Coverage.**

You don't have to know a lot about insurance when you shop at The Insurance Store. Because the people who work there do.

They're trained professionals who know insurance inside and out.

They can show you how to save money with our low prices.

And, quite often, they can help you

save even more by showing you how to buy what you do need—without buying what you don't need.

24-hour Service.

At The Insurance Store, we service what we sell.

Let's say you buy a Continental automobile policy.

You automatically get 24-hour toll-free Dual-A-Claim Service—backed by over 2000 claims adjusters located throughout the U.S. and Canada.

So anytime, anywhere you need help—help is always nearby.

Your Nearest Insurance Store.

To find your nearest Insurance Store, just check the Agent listing under Continental Insurance in the Yellow Pages.

Need insurance?

Shop and save at The Insurance Store.



© 1988

Continental Insurance
featured at
The Insurance Store



Don Wolfe Ins. Agency, Atchison, Kans.



G.M. Summers Agency, Peoria, Ill.



B.A. & S. Agency, Providence, R.I.

Don't sell yourself short,
move up to today's cigarette.



Longer...
yet milder

Pall Mall Gold 100's
lower in 'tar'
than the best-selling short (70mm) cigarette.

PALL MALL GOLD 100's... "tar" 20 mg nicotine, 1.4 mg
Best-selling regular size (70mm)... "tar": 25 mg nicotine, 1.6 mg
Of all brands, lowest... "tar" 2 mg nicotine, 0.2 mg
20 mg "tar", 1.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

He's thumb kind of hitter

Far ahead in the National League batting race while he was still swinging, the Cubs' injured Bill Madlock overtook the AL leader from the sideline

The pitch from Cardinal righthander Bob Forsch was on its way, a hard slider over the outside corner of the plate just as Bill Madlock had anticipated. But the National League's leading batter, a first-ball hitter who likes to go to all fields, made no attempt to swing. Even for a .362 hitter like Madlock, it is tough to make contact when you are confined to the Wrigley Field box seats with a hot dog in one hand and a badly bruised thumb on the other.

However, the injury may have its advantages. Madlock was struck by a Bruce Kison fastball in Pittsburgh last week; his average would freeze at .362 if he were unable to return to the lineup. That figure should easily win the National League batting title for the 24-year-old Cub third baseman, and might also prevent Minnesota's Rod Carew from taking his third consecutive major league championship. St. Louis Catcher Ted Simmons is far behind at .342, and by week's end Carew's average had dropped down to .359.

Coming to the Cubs two years ago from the Texas Rangers in a trade that involved perennial 20-game winner Ferguson Jenkins, the no-name Madlock was greeted with about as much enthusiasm as the Russian wheat deal. Cub fans recalled with horror the Lou Brock-for-Ernie Broglio trade of 1964, and were convinced that this transaction would turn out no better. Until they got a glimpse of Madlock with a bat in his hands, that is.

After hitting .351 in 21 games for the Rangers in 1973, the Cub rookie batted .313 for the entire 1974 season to finish fifth in the National League. The Cubs did not do nearly so well, winding up 30 games below .500, and Madlock was overlooked as even a good hitter on a last-place club can be. His first real taste of nationwide attention came this July when Henry Klüsterer congratulated Madlock for winning the All-Star Game in Milwaukee with a two-run, ninth-inning single. But by that time his hitting binges were a matter of record. For example, in four games against the Reds and Phillies in June, Madlock hammered out 14 hits in 18 at bats, including seven in succession. His six-hit game against the New York Mets two weeks later is still the only one in the majors this year and he has had four four-hit games as well.

A right-hand hitter who is 5'11" and

a muscular 180 pounds, Madlock has nevertheless beaten out 13 of 14 bunts for base hits. He is also a savvy hitter.

"It would be very tempting for me to go for the long ball in this park," says Madlock, who has hit just 16 home runs in two seasons with the Cubs, "but what I do best is get the bat on the ball, and I'm going to stick with it."

It has been said that a typical Madlock hit is either a searing drive to left field, a looping double up the power alley in right center, a Texas Leaguer behind first base, a hard smash to the right or left of the shortstop or one of those perfect bunts in front of an embarrassed third baseman. "Whatever he's been doing, he should keep doing it," says Cub Pitcher Steve Stone. "Wrigley Field can be a real Jekyll-Hyde park for the hitters as well as the pitchers, with the wind blowing in one day and out the next. The way Bill hits the ball, it doesn't matter."

If Wrigley Field has a split personality, then no one is more suited to playing baseball there than Bill Madlock, a happy-go-lucky bear cub off the field who can turn into a grizzly once the action on the field gets hot. The kind of gritty I-won't-give-an-inch competitiveness Madlock exudes is a quality that the talented but passive Cubs could have used in recent years when pennant races were being lost in August and September. It is also a trait that has gotten Madlock into considerable trouble of late.

Ejected from a game in Philadelphia on Sept. 5 for arguing too long over a third strike, Madlock became so enraged with Umpire Jerry Dole that it took a small battalion of Cubs to subdue him. In the fracas he managed to shove his own manager by accident, at which point Madlock's wife Cynthia got up and switched off her television set back in Chicago. League President Chub Feeney fined Madlock \$250 (he had just paid a \$200 fine for an altercation in Houston two weeks earlier) and suspended him for three days. True to his nature, Madlock

lodged an appeal and, ironically, that is why he was in the lineup a few nights later facing Kison instead of sitting angrily but safely on the bench.

Supporters and critics of Madlock's hell-bent style of play tend to divide along the lines of their own disposition. Says the Cubs' easy-going shortstop, Don Kessinger, "Bill is already an exceptional hitter. He's going to find a way to stay away from that collar every day. But he will also have to be careful about his temper. I don't know what he had on his mind the other day, but if you hit an umpire up here they could suspend you for life." Al Hrabosky, the Cardinals' fiery relief pitcher, says, "He's exactly the kind of competitor I'd like to have on my team."

continued



MADLOCK AND THE DAMAGED DIGIT

Venita has known a lot of suffering.



Venita is a shy little girl with big, dark eyes. You can see by her wistful expression that she has known much suffering in her short life in India.

She hardly remembers her parents. Her mother was in ill health when Venita was born. She died when Venita was only two years old.

Her father earned very little and lived in one room in a tenement in Delhi. He was unable to support and care for the frail little girl. He asked a children's Home, affiliated with the Christian Children's Fund, to take care of his daughter.

There is still a sad, haunting look that lingers in Venita's dark eyes. But she's improving. Gradually she's losing her shyness, and she smiles and plays with other children who share the same room at the Home.

Venita now has the care she needs. Her CCF sponsor here in this country is helping give her a better chance for a useful, happy life.

But there are many other needy children still waiting for sponsors.

You can sponsor such a child for only \$15 a month. Just fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check.

You will be sent the child's photograph, name and mailing address, plus a description of the project where the child receives assistance.

You may write to your sponsored child and your letter will be answered. You will get the child's original letter and an English translation. (Children unable to write are assisted by family members or staff workers.)

Your love can make a big difference in the life of a needy little child. Please fill out the coupon now.

Sponsors urgently needed in Brazil, India, Guatemala, Indonesia, Kenya and Thailand.

Write today: **Verent J. Mills**
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261
I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country) _____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____. Send me child's name, mailing address and picture.

☐ I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadian: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto, T.

52200

BASEBALL *continued*

On his way to buy that hot dog at Wrigley Field last week, Madlock made the mistake of trying to wade through a swarm of young Cub fans freed by the Chicago teachers' strike for one last fling at the old ball park. A boy wearing a DRACULA FOR PRESIDENT T shirt recognized him first, showed a baseball in his face and yelled, "Hey, Madlock, will you autograph this?" Rejecting what might have been the Mike Marshall response to such a request, Madlock turned and smiled, pointed to his right thumb and said politely, "I'm sorry, but if I could sign my name I would be out there playing right now."

THE WEEK

(Sept. 3-11)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST When the Royals arrived in Oakland for a three-game series, both teams were in top form. Kansas City was fresh off an 8-7 win over California in which Tony Solari hit three home runs and John Mayberry two, giving him the league lead with 33. But the Angels did not concede until Solari knocked in the deciding run in the 11th with a measly single. For the Royals it was their eighth straight triumph and it moved them to within five games of the A's, who started the week by taking a doubleheader from the Rangers.

In Game One of the pivotal series in Oakland the A's stomped to an 8-2 victory as Gene Tenace, Sal Bando and Claudell Washington homered to buck up Ken Holtzman's five-hit pitching. Tenace hit another homer the next night, but it was not until the 14th that a 1-all deadlock was snapped. Bert Campaneris reached base on a two-out error and then, despite the gimp leg that prevented him from starting at short and in defiance of Manager Alvin Dark's orders not to run, stole second. Bill North brought Campy home with a single, and the A's led the Royals by seven. In Game Three, Tenace homered again (No. 24), and so did Bando as Oakland coasted 9-1, Vida Blue getting his 19th win. Bando, who had begun the week with just 10 homers for the season, slugged two more in an 8-5 decision over the Twins. The A's finished the week with seven wins and one loss. The Royals (3-4) took a doubleheader from the Angels 10-2 and 7-2, John Mayberry getting four RBIs. By week's end he had a league high of 99, one more than Boston's Jim Rice.

Saturday the 13th was memorable for the Angels (3-3), who beat the Royals 6-2 for the first time in 13 games. After giving up a

continued

Classic Comfort.

You feel it in this
Jantzen North Country
sweater of 100% WINTUK¹ yarns
of ORLON[®] acrylic.
About \$26.

Jantzen

A source of pride

JANTZEN INC., PORTLAND, OREGON 97208

¹ Dupont Cert. Mark. [®] Dupont Reg. TM

double to his nemesis, George Brett, Ed Figueroa finally stopped him. Brett had reached Figueroa for 13 consecutive hits.

Texas (4-3) utilized an offense that ranged from explosive (four homers in a 9-4 conquest of Minnesota) to timely (Dave Nelson's two RBIs in the ninth sidetracked the Twins 4-2) to patient (three 10th-inning walks, one with the bases jammed, defeated Chicago 8-7).

Four RBIs by Jorge Orta enabled Chicago to put down Texas 5-2 for its only win in five tries. Minnesota (2-5) trimmed Chicago 9-1 as rookie Jim Hughes won his 14th with the help of two homers by Steve Brye, his first at bats since he suffered a broken hand two months ago.

OAK 10-17 KC 10-10 TEX 73-75
CHI 10-77 MINN 17-77 CAL 17-11

AL EAST

The Orioles got unexpected help from Johnny Walker, not the whiskey but a Baltimore disc jockey, who flew to Kenya, where he had a witch doctor cast an evil spell on the Red Sox last Saturday. That was the day the Orioles (6-2) stopped the Tigers 8-0 and the Red Sox (4-5) split with the Brewers, leaving Bal-

timore only four games back. In the Oriole win Paul Blair drove in five runs and Doyle Alexander won his second four-hitter of the week. Jim Palmer of the Birds zapped the Indians 10-2 for his 21st victory and Mike Torrez came out on top twice to bring his record to 18-8. The Sox got a lift when Luis Tiant, winless for nearly a month, beat the Tigers 3-1.

Catfish Hunter of New York (6-1) became the third American Leaguer to have five 20-win seasons in a row, joining Walter Johnson and Lefty Grove when he zeroed Baltimore 2-0. Hunter later beat the Brewers 10-2.

Fritz Peterson of Cleveland (6-3) cut his hand on a lawn mower in mid-June. Since returning to action on July 21 he has not lost. Last week Peterson muffed Detroit 9-0, needed a mere 79 pitches to subdue New York 7-1 and ran his winning streak to nine games, the longest in the league this year.

"It's humiliating, embarrassing, humbling. It cuts a hole in you." That was Jim Colborn's evaluation of how it felt to be pitching for downtrodden Milwaukee (2-6). But George Scott cut through the gloom with his 28th and 29th homers as the Brewers trounced the Red Sox 7-3 and 9-6.

Detroit was shut out three times, was outscored 55-22 and lost eight of nine games. Fernando Arroyo defeated Boston 5-3 in his first big-league start, thanks to a two-run homer by Willie Horton, his 25th.

WGS 10-11 BAL 10-11 NY 71-72
CLE 11-73 MIL 13-11 DET 11-10

NL EAST

Rejuvenated pitchers gave Pittsburgh (4-3) and Philadelphia (4-2) cause for hope, but wasted hits defeated St. Louis (2-5) and New York (2-6). Bob Moose, who missed much of last season after the removal of a blood clot from his pitching shoulder and who recently had been recalled from the minors, earned his first victory for Pittsburgh in 17 months. He accomplished this with 7½ innings of scoreless relief as the Pirates overcame the Expos 6-3. For the Phillies the come-back hurler was Wayne Simpson, whose last win was for Kansas City 28 months ago. His victory came during a stretch in which Phillie pitchers seemed to follow a mathematical progression, giving up one fewer run each day as Tom Underwood and Steve Carlton beat St. Louis 6-3 and 6-2, and Simpson and Larry Christenson stopped

Introducing Old Spice Pocket Cologne. Who says you can't take it with you?



Now your favorite colognes can go where you go and do what you do. Whether it's long lasting OLD SPICE® Concentrated Cologne, new refreshing Herbal or exciting, sensual Musk.

Because now they come packaged in contemporary new portable flosks. They're small enough to fit in your pocket or brief case, and sturdy enough to take the pounding a man on the go can give them.

So the next time you're on the go, don't go without our Pocket Cologne.™

A little goes a long way.

Pocket Cologne™
Concentrated Droplets.
by Old Spice



SHULTON

Montreal 5-1 and 5-0. Lynn McGlothen of the Cardinals crippled the Mets with 12-4 and 5-1 setbacks, the former the ninth win for St. Louis in its last 10 Sunday games. But the Cardinals squandered much of Ted Simmons' .448 hitting. Also hitting in vain was Dave Kingman, who had three homers in Met losses. His 34th of the season, though, came in a 7-0 shutout of Pittsburgh by Jerry Koosman and tied him for the major league lead with Mike Schmidt of Philadelphia, who had two home runs during the week.

Chicago (5-1) came up with a new sensation: Centerfielder Joe (Tarzan) Wallis, so called because he dives off cliffs and hotel roofs into assorted bodies of water. Right at home among the Wrigley Field vines, Tarzan homered in a 6-5 surprise of the Pirates, then hammered two triples and threw out a runner at home as the Cubs shook up the Cardinals 7-5.

Another brand-new centerfielder, Jerry White, went 11 for 26 for Montreal (4-4) and, like Wallis, homered in a 6-5 win, this one over New York.

PIT 83-83 PHIL 78-80 ST. L 78-71
NY 75-73 CHI 75-77 MONT 65-82

NL WEST "I thought he hit it off the end of the earth," said Cincinnati's Clay Kirby of a prodigious home run belted against him by Willie McCovey of San Diego in an 11-2 romp by the Padres (4-2). That team's leading pitcher, Randy Jones, baffled Atlanta 2-1 on two hits, winning for the 19th time and regaining the ERA lead from New York's Tom Seaver, 2.19 to 2.25.

Cincinnati (3-4) clinched first place on Sept. 7, the earliest in league history. Tony Perez was then sidelined with a sprained back and Johnny Bench with a badly bruised left ankle. When Bench's leg was X-rayed there were some unusual findings: three old fractures he had been unaware of.

The Giants took advantage of the weakened Reds, drubbing them 9-2 to end a six-game losing skid.

Los Angeles (5-2) got superb pitching from Andy Messersmith (two shutouts for his 16th and 17th wins), Rick Rhoden (5-2 over the Reds) and Burt Hooton (3-2 over Cincy for his 10th straight victory). And Davey Lopes became the ninth player to steal 70 bases in a season.

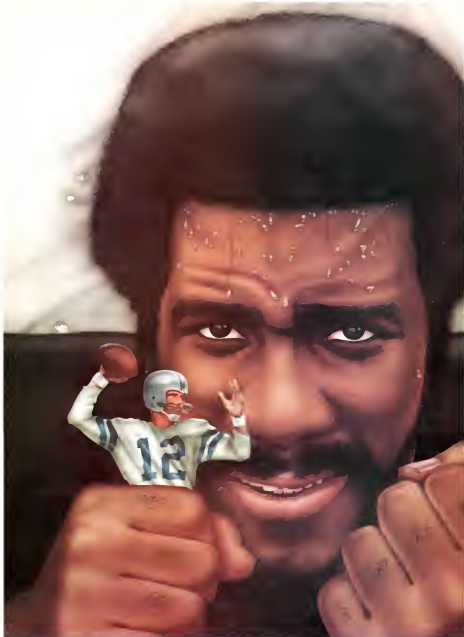
Errors—16 of them—haunted Atlanta (3-4). Once again the Braves' all-time attendance low was set, 737 spectators witnessing a 9-6 loss to the Astros in which Cesar Cedeño had six RBIs. Houston (4-2) swept a series on the road for the first time this year, a mere two-game affair in San Francisco, but a sweep nonetheless.

CIN 87-81 LA 80-86 SF 71-77
SD 88-80 ATL 85-84 HOUS 86-81

**Rare taste.
Either you have it.
Or you don't.**

Yes, the whiskies in J & B are rare indeed. But the essence of J & B Rare Scotch is in our uncompromising quest for perfection. For more than 100 years, no one has ever matched the rare taste of J & B. And never will. That's why J & B has it. And always will.

46 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1975 Pabst Brewing Corp., N.Y.





In his dreams, Pittsburgh's Mean Joe Greene pushes and pulls his way past a guard, jumps six feet over the center, slaps aside another blocker, deflects the pass, catches the ball and runs 99 yards for a touchdown.

HE DOES WHAT HE WANTS OUT THERE

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

CONTINUED

Like Katharine Hepburn, Charles Edward (Mean Joe) Greene refuses to sign autographs. Like Bruce Lee, he kicks people. Like Winston Churchill, he cries. "I never had a desire to hurt anybody," Greene says. "I have at certain times had violent urges, but I don't think I ever have hurt anybody. Tried to a couple times, but I don't think I have. Yeah, guess I have. In high school, I was dirty then. Kick 'em. I might not've hurt 'em, though, they might've just been afraid of me."

"I do play football no-holds-barred. Any edge I can get, I'll take. I'd grab a face mask only in a fit of anger. Uncontrolled anger is damn near insane."

Greene once shattered three or four of Cleveland Guard Bob DeMarco's teeth, and they were big teeth way back deep in the jaw. Once, Greene admits, he tried to twist the head off a fellow professional who was holding him. Is it because deep down inside they are so relieved that he is not going to twist their heads off—is that why people who spend time with him are proud to say that Joe Greene is a nice, warm, thoughtful, sensitive man?

Certainly there are other men who are nice and don't get the credit for it that Greene does. He's famous, that's part of it: he's the great defensive tackle and volatile cornerstone of the Super Bowl champion Pittsburgh Steelers. And he has such bearing. He may be the most nearly rollicking player in the NFL, but his expression, which can be affable, droll, quirky, smoldering, tends to settle into a basic grave. He can look as grave around the eyes as James Mason, but stronger, of course. His head may be as big as James Mason's chest. Art Rooney Jr. says that Greene is the only man in whose mouth one of Steeler patriarch Art Rooney's huge billy-stick cigars looks normal.

No one would take Greene for a sweet/terrifying child of nature, the way they took the late Big Daddy Lipscomb. Greene has this discerning look. When Steeler Quarterback Terry Bradshaw tells a joke to the team, one observer notes, he looks to Greene to see if it has gone over. If it's a good joke, it probably has. With teammates or friends, though not with fans, Greene is usually comfortable to be around. He doesn't dominate a table.

But there is that big head. And hands about the size of shovel blades. And there is a molten quality about Greene's limbs. He is no Apollo (Zeus, maybe). He is jointed oddly, and moves at once more smoothly and more floppily than other strong big men. His physical presence suggests, perhaps, that he could shift—*blink*—any loglike portion of himself in any direction at any moment. His college coach called him "a fort on foot." And sometimes, on the field, he goes damn near insane.

Wearing a loose T shirt and swim suit, Greene sits back in a soft chair in his comfortable home in a suburb south of

Dallas, with his 2-year-old daughter Jo Quél *drowning* on his chest. He has an air of profoundly edgy repose, like a mountain that would like to ramble but is not about to slide. He muses, "I'm always nervous like I got to do something, something other than what I'm doing. I don't know what it is. Except playing. When you get into that game, you haven't got time to think about what you ought to be doing. That game, that's it. I feel I've got some helluva games in me. I'm just waiting for 'em to come. That's what I keep pushing for—waiting."

Lord preserve our sense of reality if whatever consumption Greene awaits comes to him. The ground may open and he will descend to a place more intense, where he can chase Beelzebub around kicking at him, or a chariot may come down and bear Greene off to a better place where he can make all the tackles and also run back punts. As it is, Greene has led his team to the NFL mountaintop and has had transcendent individual moments on the field. Once he threw the other team's ball away. Once he spit on Dick Butkus in front of everybody. Once he rushed the quarterback, stole the ball from him, rumbled into the end zone with it, tossed it over his head, caught it behind his back and handed it to a cheerleader.

Greene is more than mighty, wily, fierce and twinkly quick. He is a man so daringly self-defined and outrageously responsible that it is said of him, as of very few other sports figures, "He does what he wants to out there." He plays—or, sometimes, refuses to play—the conservative, regimented, technology-ridden game of pro football as if it were a combat poem he is writing, and gets away with it, and yet fits himself well enough into the prevailing system to be the warmly accepted spearhead and bulwark of a winning organization. There is no ballad of Mean Joe Greene but there was a TV commercial. In this commercial Greene took a seat in a United Airlines plane, shifted his loosely put-together frame around to test the seat's comfort, then looked coldly, perhaps grimly, into the camera's eye and said, "I almost like it."

Greene loves football. He quit it the first time he went out for it and was still threatening to quit it for good as late as last season. If his gifts had not been so blatantly extraordinary he would never have gone so far in his militaristic profession, for he has never taken to what is generally considered discipline; he tended to run amok in high school ball, and when an older group of Steeler scouts, since departed, watched him play for North Texas State, they deplored his attitude. "Puts on weight, tendency to loaf," said one. "Physically this boy has all of it," said another. "Mentally he is disappointing in that he only uses his ability in spurts. Will need a heavy hand, but he can play." Where anybody was going to find a hand heavy enough, the scout did not say.

The last entry in the Steelers' scouting file on Greene says: "I would question taking a boy like this in the first round as he could turn out to be a big dog." This note was prophetic only to the extent that it might have conjured up the difficulties involved in trying to block a Doberman pinscher. Greene does not even almost like being thought of as an animal, however. "Human," he said once when asked

what people don't realize about pro football players

Art Rooney Jr., the Steelers' vice-president in charge of scouting, was not put off by the unevenness of Greene's college play. "He was a third-down player, all right," Rooney says, "but that was the only down he had to play. He was a guy who just completely dominated guys when he wanted to." Still there were quibbles over Greene when members of the BLESTO scouting combine got to looking at figures. Someone had measured him at just under 6'3", which is short for a tackle. Officially Greene is 6'4" (and 270 pounds), but maybe he didn't want to be the day this scout took the tape to him. The inch in question was a gnat on which several BLESTO people choked, until one of them, Don Joyce, who had been a chunky standout tackle with the Colts, declared that he was only 6'2 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", and allowed himself to be measured against the conference-room wall to prove it. Thus are geniuses calibrated in our society.

In the end Greene was rated among the top prospects in the country, and Coach Chuck Noll, going into his first draft with the Steelers, was especially high on him. When the Steelers made Greene their first pick in '69 they laid the first and biggest building block of a six-year program that brought them up from perennial failure. That primacy is one aspect of Greene's eminence on the team, another is the assumption among the Steelers that Greene can whip any man, if not indeed any team, when he wants to. Wanting to, though, the way Greene wants to, is not something you can turn off and on routinely.

Greene held out for a long time before signing his first Steeler contract, then showed up in camp fat and late. Center Ray Mansfield, now a 10-year veteran, recalls looking forward to teaching the presumptuous rookie some lessons with the help of Guard Bruce Van Dyke, now a Packer. "After a couple of days," says Mansfield, "we wished we'd never seen him." Greene took on the offensive linemen one by one, quickly learned to deal with a couple of moves he hadn't seen, and then proved too strong to be overpowered, too elusive to be hobbled and too smart to be fooled. Nobody had seen a player so quick and strong at once. He was something new, like aluminum when it first came out. Nobody wanted to fight him. The coaches wisely kept anything resembling a heavy hand off him. "Play your game, Joe," they said. Now all he had to do was make his formidable clear to opponents, to let them know "I don't have to reckon with you. You have to reckon with me."

He also had to work off the frustration, during his first three years with the Steelers, of playing on losing teams. "That's bound to make you ugly," he says. Greene's nickname derives from that of his college team, the Mean Green (thought up, incidentally, by a lady named Sidney Sue), but in the pros Greene has done a number of things to deserve it. In his rookie year he was ejected from two games. Once he threw his helmet so hard at a goalpost that pieces of helmet went flying. Another time, after an opposing guard had hit him a good clean block, he seized the offender with one hand on each shoulder pad and kicked him flush between the legs. One day he was glaringly outplaying a good Cincinnati guard named Pat Matson, a 245-pound ball of muscle, until at last Matson

developed a bad leg and began limping off the field. Greene ran over and grabbed him before he reached the sideline and tried to coax him back into play, crying, "Come on, I want you out here." "I'll never forget the look on Matson's face," says Steeler Defensive Captain Andy Russell. There is even a story that once after being thrown out of a game Greene returned to the bench in such a rage that he opened up the equipment manager's tool chest and pulled out a screwdriver. Whatever he intended doing, he had second thoughts and threw it down.

Then there was the time he spit on Butkus. The Bears were humiliating the Steelers. Butkus was blitzing at will, taking long running starts and smashing into the Steeler center just as he snapped the ball, and Greene couldn't stand it any longer. The Steeler offense was on the field. Greene had no business out there, but when Butkus passed within 10 feet of the Steeler bench, Greene bolted out at him, yelling challenges, and drew back and spit full in Butkus's face.

"Butkus didn't look intimidated," says Russell, "but there was Greene obviously wanting to fight him, and fully capable of it, and you could see Butkus thinking, 'This wouldn't be the intelligent thing to do.'" So Butkus turned and walked back into the security of the carnage on the field. When Russell ran into Butkus in the off-season and asked him how he could let a guy spit in his face without retaliating, Butkus said, "I was too busy making All-Pro." Greene—who was himself named All-Pro for the fourth time, and NFL Defensive Player of the Year for the second time, last season—is perhaps the only man alive who could make Butkus come off sounding rather prim.

"Joe's first year," says Russell, "I didn't see how all that emotionalism could be real. It looked like showboating. But I realize now that he's that way. When I get beat I just think, well, I was out of position, I made a mistake, I'll do this to correct it. With Joe, it's in his psyche. It's like it's war, and the other side is winning because they're more violent. And he's the only guy I know, he can be playing a great game himself but if the team's losing he gets into a terrible depression. It could be an exhibition game."

The other thing that gets Greene's goat, or rather his mountain lion, is being held. He says he realizes that if the rules against offensive holding were strictly enforced, offenses would never get any plays off, either because offensive linemen would keep on holding and flags would be thrown all day or because they would quit holding and the quarterback would be smothered all day. Greene lives in an age in which defensive lines dominate pro football. But sometimes he feels guards cling too much. He likes to think of his game as one of quickness and finesse, of avoiding blockers, rather than one of violent contact. "It's that thing in me that I want to be a running back," he says.

"You want to be a running back?"

"Sure. Don't you?"

When he feels dragged down by contact with blockers, he reacts, even now in his more statesmanlike years. Houston has a young guard named Brian Goodman whom Greene credits with pertinacity—"I lack the bleep out of him and he keeps on"—but whom he can't stand to oppose because Goodman "doesn't know how to play, he just wres-

continued

ties me. I feel like I'm worthy of a better person across from me than that."

"When we saw the films of the second Houston game last year," says Art Rooney Jr. with a shudder, "we sat by the phone waiting for the league office to call up and say they were going to put Joe in jail. He just *hear* on the poor guy. Goodman's younger brother came through the draft last winter and we joked about drafting him for Joe."

Greene has a firm sense, then, of how the game ought to be played, and a willingness to take the enforcement of standards into his own hands. One time in Philadelphia during the Steelers' dark years, they were getting beat, and Greene was being held, and the referees weren't calling it, and finally, before the Eagle center could snap the ball for another play, Greene reached over, grabbed the ball and threw it into the second tier of the stands. Then he stomped off the field.

Russell remembers the moment with awe. "Everybody looked at him. 'He can't be doing this,' we thought. We watched the ball spiral into the seats. It seemed like it took forever. The crowd was dead silent. And the players—there we were, we didn't have a ball, we didn't have a left tackle. It was like he was saying, 'O.K., if you won't play right, we won't play at all.' Nobody else would do such a thing. In the NFL! Anybody else would get in trouble with the league, with the coaches, Joe did it. In a moment the crowd exploded. They loved it."

And the Steelers loved Greene. One afternoon when Dwight White, who was living with him in Pittsburgh, was discussing Greene's sprawling funkiness as a roommate, Greene smiled. "I may be rotten," he conceded, "but I pull for dudes." When, during Greene's second year, the Steelers cut a former North Texas State teammate of his, Greene, in tears, declared he was going to quit. "Joe," said his friend, "I was just glad to come to camp," but Greene had to be talked out of an early retirement. When Craig Hanneman, a reserve Steeler defensive end, was traded to New England last year, Hanneman's coach never said a word to him, but Greene took the time to commiserate and tell him goodbye.

To reporters, with whom he deals very well, Greene persuasively deprecates his own performances, and praises, quite aptly, the work of the other defensive linemen—White, L.C. Greenwood, Ernie Holmes—and Linebackers Russell, Jack Lambert and Jack Ham and Defensive Backs Mel Blount, J.T. Thomas, Mike Wagner and Glen Edwards. Only on such a strong defensive team would Greene get away with taking as many instinctive chances as he does, free-lancing perhaps more than any other player in the league. But the Steeler defense would never have developed its terrific thrust—a much greater one than that of the Steeler offense—without Greene. L.C. Greenwood may be the league's fastest, slipperiest defensive lineman, and he plays his own graceful game while Greene's intensity helps psych up the highly mobile White and the terrifying Holmes. But as quick as L.C. is, he can't match Greene's initial burst. The films are used to show Greenwood taking one step by the time Greene is past the line of scrimmage.

"He has the courage of his convictions," says Russell.

"He doesn't wait and read, he just does it." He used to get trapped, and that hurt his pride, so now he has more discipline, but he reads on the run. Even if he's made a mistake, he's penetrated so quickly it may not matter. And he rises to the occasion. When half the team was out sick or hurt against Houston in '72 he tore the Oilers apart almost single-handedly, sucking the quarterback five times, most of them at key moments. He's a great hand for recovering fumbles; last year against Cleveland he picked one up and lateraled off to J.T. Thomas for the winning touchdown. You don't see many defensive linemen winning games with laterals.

Still, Greene feels he gives up a great deal to the system. Noll insists on his defenders' meeting blocks instead of dodging them. Greene is usually double-teamed, and he has to fill certain gaps against a possible run before he can go after the quarterback. He trailed Holmes and Greenwood in sacks last year and is more likely to cause the initial derailment of a play than to make the tackle, which is what he likes.

"The kind of role I play is like an offensive lineman; doing a good job but not being noticed," he says with some exaggeration. "I feel sorry for myself sometimes. But as long as the end result is there, I can dig it." Greene has never been at odds with coaches or management. His first two years he staunchly backed boat-rocking player representative Roy Jefferson—going so far during the '70 players' strike as to spit in the face of Pittsburgh sportswriter Pat Livingston when Livingston advertised to the Steelers' poor won-lost record during an argument with Jefferson over the strike. But after that incident Greene was taken aside by Guard John Brown, now a successful black banker in Pittsburgh, and Bill Nunn, the Steelers' black front-office man. "They made me realize that I wasn't as mature as I thought I was," says Greene, "and that the coach had to run the team." Jefferson was traded, and Greene, though he was to be an unwavering supporter of the '74 strike, turned away from Jeffersonian militance to consolidate his power on the field.

As a matter of fact, a good many Steelers will tell you that Greene now runs the team. No one questions the administrative or strategic authority of Noll, a man so unemotional that when his wife excitedly greeted him after the Super Bowl victory, he held out his hand to be shaken and said, "Well, we did it." Neither does Noll question Greene's sense of fitness, which caused him to withdraw himself from a game in '73 and to walk out of a team meeting—crying, according to one account—last year. In both cases Greene was put off by what struck him as a lack of fervor among his teammates.

"When we're losing, Joe will get to stalking around out there," says Russell. "Last year we were beating New Orleans but they were moving the ball and Joe yelled in the huddle, 'Andy, what're you going to do?' I got mad. 'I'm just going to play football,' I said." When Henry Davis was middle linebacker and ran the huddle he threatened to come to blows with Greene to shut him up. "Joe's such a great player," says Russell, "maybe he thinks everybody else can play better if they try harder. He doesn't seem to

continued

The pocket tab and the word "Levi's" are registered trademarks of Levi Strauss & Co., San Francisco, California.

A man with brown hair is standing in a grassy field, leaning against a white vertical post. He is wearing a tan Levi's Cone Polycord jacket with a white shearling collar and matching tan corduroy pants. He has his hands in his pockets and is looking off to the side. In the background, there are bleachers and a clear sky.

LEVI'S®
gets the extra point for this warm and comfortable outfit of Cone Polycord® corduroy. This Durable Press corduroy of 50% cotton / 50% Dacron® polyester plays up neatness and practical value for fashion that holds the line. Gentleman's Weekender jeans and sherpa-lined Shepherd jacket available in a wide range of colors and sizes. Ask for Levi's at your favorite store.

Cone
corduroy
MEMBER CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA

Size not adjusted to human

Cone makes fabrics people live in.

CONE MILLS 1440 BROADWAY NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

realize that other positions require more restraint, that you can make mistakes if you get too hyper. I don't think it works to keep making emotional pitches.

"In team meetings last year, I felt we should stress the positive, talk about how we're going to improve. Joe thought we ought to be more honest and bad-mouth the negative. As it turned out he figured his approach worked."

What Greene did last year, before the Steelers suddenly went into high gear, was criticize the Steeler offense to the press, exhort his teammates in general and insult opponents at the line of scrimmage. Some of the Steelers found it all a bit excessive, but many of them were doubtless lifted. They knew at least that Greene wasn't posturing. "It was after the playoff game we lost to Miami in '72 that I really got to know Joe as a friend," says Mel Blount. "He and his wife came over to the house and sat around with me and my wife and we talked about it. And a few tears were shed. That's when I got to know Joe as a true person. A good person. A really concerned person."

On the other hand, Greene is not the only man on the team. Shortly after training camp opened this summer, Receivers Lynn Swann and John Stallworth and Defensive Back Jim Allen, all second-year men, were sitting together in the 19th Hole, an almost cellar-dark bar to which many Steelers repair after practice. Swann, Stallworth and Allen wanted to make the point that Greene was "no big brother or daddy" to them.

"I think he's a great player," said Stallworth, "but I think I am, too."

"He'd stick out like a sore thumb without the rest of the

front four," said Swann. "And he gets so excited on the sidelines. He'll go up to Chuck saying, 'What's the quarterback doing? He'll go up to Lionel [Receiver Coach Taylor] and say, 'What're the receivers doing?' He gets so excited he's got us playing conservative, while he's taking chances."

"He gets such respect! Last year somebody clipped him and he stomped on the guy's head. The referee ran up to him, says, 'Mr. Greene! Not 'Mr. 75,' like he'd say to anybody else. 'Mr. Greene! I saw it,' the referee says about the clip. 'He won't do it again!' " Swann shook his head.

"I give him all kinds of trouble," added Swann about his non-big-brother. "I'll yell at him and he's so strong he might kill me. So I got him where he can't do anything."

Over at another table, a quorum of the offensive line was drinking Lite beer in big glasses of ice and building a pyramid out of the cans. That afternoon there had been an Oklahoma drill, known on other teams as the Nutcracker, in which an offensive lineman tries to stop a tackling line-man, one-on-one, from getting to a tackling dummy held by Dan Radakovich, the offensive line coach. Greene had beaten a couple of guys, rested a while, then stepped up to Gordy Gravelle, who had earlier won raves by putting Greenwood on his back—the first time anybody could remember that happening to L. C. Gravelle had worked against a couple of rushers with success, was psyched up and sweating. Greene made a move to step in. "You want to rest?" Greene asked playfully. Gravelle glared at him. "You too tired?" asked a coach, more seriously.

"For him?" Gravelle snapped with what seemed like real feeling. Greene came on; Gravelle, straining, held him out, held him out, held him out. Greene let up, as though beaten. Then, in a lightsome way that seemed out of keeping with the grunting and groaning that had gone on before, he spun around a relaxed Gravelle and, too late to count, tagged Radakovich's actual person.

Except in terms of who could be more whimsical, it seemed that Gravelle had won. "Gordy handled Joe pretty well, huh?" the interviewer asked the offensive linemen at the table. The offensive line blinked. "Because Joe didn't try," they said.

"He does what he wants," said Guard Gerry Mullins, who is white and was Greene's roommate on the road last year. "His hand is so big—the heel of it hits the front of your shoulder pad and you think he's pushing you back, then his fingertips grab under the back of your pad and he pulls you forward."

The offensive-line table reflected upon Greene as a gathering of mariners might reflect upon the sea. The Steeler offensive line was effective last year in large part because it felt so relieved, in games, to be blocking against defensive lines other than the Steelers'.

"Isn't that infuriating," asked the interviewer, "to have a guy beat you at his pleasure?"

"Infuriating?" said Mansfield, who won an NFL Blocker of the Year award last year and says there is nobody he can't handle one-on-one except Greene. "When Joe Greene

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SICKMAN FALLUEN



stomps you it's not infuriating. It's more like frightening. If Joe really wants to shuck a guy. . . . Did you ever see a dog get hold of a snake?"

Then Greene entered. He sat at a table by himself. He was wearing a sort of mishapen big-brimmed golf hat and in the darkness it was hard to make out much of him except eyes and teeth, both of which flashed fitfully.

For some reason he began to talk about getting beat. "A black man—I say a black man, we got no corner on the market, but every day in some form or fashion you got to prove you're a man," he said. "But you want to keep the life-and-death situations down. I can get beat. But there's getting beat and there's getting stomped. When I start getting stomped, then I get. . . ." Here he acted out, in subdued and semi-humorous form, his reaction to getting stomped. It was sort of a wild-eyed, spread-armed hopping around in his chair which, if extrapolated slightly, would probably propel table and interviewer across the room.

But Greene was in anything but a stomped mood. He looked fondly at the other Steelers. "These guys," he said of the offensive linemen. "We gave them hell. Called them sissies. Called them girls. But they did a job.

"Looking in the guys' faces," he said, "I see the happiness, I see the peace of mind, I see what winning that Super Bowl means for the first time.

"The whole. That's what's important. The whole." He glowed in the dark. He threw his empty beer can. Whango! It exploded the offensive line's carefully constructed three-foot-high pyramid of cans. Cans bounded all over the floor and the offensive line. "Time to go to supper anyway," said Greene. No one took offense.

Greene was born 28 years ago in Temple, Texas. He looks older—not aged, but just not boyish at all. He was always big for his age, and always will be. The rumor began some time ago that he was actually six years older than his official age, as if he had been found unknown in the fields somewhere and passed off by his high school as an adolescent. Art Rooney Jr. checked the records and found the rumor to be untrue. Greene was raised by his mother, who lives with him and who always called him Joe, which is a good thing because Mean Charles Greene sounds silly.

He grew up without a father. What if he'd had one around? "Maybe it would've made me stronger in some ways in which I'm weak," he says. "Given me some stability. I often wonder. But I always knew my mother loved me. No matter how hard it was, she always took care of us. I chopped cotton some, picked cotton, but all the kids did that. When I was 12 I told myself I'd never go back in the fields. I had a burning desire to be a success at something. Not necessarily football. I often sit around and reminisce. I don't want to get away too far from hustling money for a pair of shoes, and being into every day black situations. Times were—I guess they were tough; I miss 'em. It's been a long time—since high school, early college days—since I've felt at ease. I feel anxieties, pressures, feel that people are going to ask me for an autograph even when they don't. Sometimes I feel good about giving autographs, when people are really nice and it means something to them. But people come

up to you when you're out to dinner. 'How much you make?' Out of the clear blue! 'What you doing out this late?' 'When they gonna put you to work?' What you mean 'they?' If I'm gonna work, I'm gonna put myself to it."

Greene is bothered by fans all the more because he has a genuine dread of hurting people's feelings. They come up to him as if he's known them all their lives and he racks his brain, thinking he ought to remember their names. But they're strangers. Then they say something like, "Woow, you're big," and Greene wants to say, "I coo I'm big, runt." He says, "It's not that the comments are so bad, it's that I hear them so many times. It's hard for me to hide my emotions. I come off as being mean, ugly. Sometimes I get the feeling I am that way. I don't like what all that makes me become."

But now he is thinking back to what he was. "I never got into trouble when I was a kid, but it's strange, I got the reputation of being a bully. I didn't deserve it. Before I started playing football, I was getting my butt kicked constantly. It was always some old, little guy. At one point I was more round than tall. I was a bit timid, shy. I still am a bit. Then I started playing football and I guess that all kinda went away. I started taking my aggressions out on other people.

"But all through high school, guys would tease me. As late as my senior year some nut drew a picture of me on the board. A picture of some kind of beast. I guess they didn't know it hurt my feelings. All of a sudden one day I'd say 'Hey' and pop them on the side of the head.

"That's how I got in the habit of being a nice guy. Which—I ain't no nice guy. I think I have respect for other people. But I'm subject to do some wild things any minute."

Greene's wife Agnes stays in the Texas house while Joe is in Pittsburgh half the year. For that reason it might be suspected that she is a negligible figure, but in fact, though diminutive, she is not only very good-looking but smart, lively and, as Andy Russell puts it, "very powerful."

"When I first went out with Joe in college," Agnes says, "I went to some of his home girls from Temple and asked about him. They said, 'Yeah, we know him. But girl, he is *weeewwww*.' I guess I just don't bring it out in him." They got married in college and now have three kids.

"In the eighth grade," recalls Greene, "I weighed 158. But they didn't even give me a full uniform. I quit. The next year I weighed 203 and started getting what you might call confidence. My sophomore year I weighed 235. By my senior year I weighed 250. From my sophomore year on, I was a middle linebacker, and I love that position. If there was a tackle being made somewhere, I was on it. We didn't win, though. I got a reputation for being the dirtiest ball-player that ever came out of that area. When we were losing I'd act the fool. I didn't do that in college because we won. I've never acted crazy in the pros unless we were losing.

"My sophomore year in high school I got kicked out of nine games. No, I got kicked out of all of 'em. My junior year it was nine. I ran over a few officials. Sometimes intentionally.

continued

"I'll tell you how crazy I used to be. A team came to Temple and beat us and afterwards—we had this little diner in town. I came in there and the other team was eating. Their quarterback had an ice cream cone. I took it away from him and smeared it all over his face. He didn't do anything. He went back to the team bus. Then I heard somebody call my name. I turned around and a soda bottle hit my chest, and the guy I'd done that way ducked back into the bus. Like a damn fool, I went at the bus. In the front door. They all went out the back door.

"But I'm not a brawler. I can't imagine getting hit in the face with a fist being any fun. I was standing in a bar in Pittsburgh. A guy came in, he was fairly good-sized, he walked straight at me. I moved, assumed he didn't see me. He came back. I moved again. He bumped me. I had the feeling this guy wanted to try me. I thought, 'Oh, oh.' I stay out of those situations. They do get into life or death literally. I couldn't conceive of myself doing any harm to anybody fatally. But there's that old saying, 'Better he than me.' If you do jump into something like that, it's got to be fatal."

Flick. Greene makes a grabbing motion from his armchair. Then he makes a throwing motion. A dead fly bounces off the wall. "Did I get him?" he says.

"It's a heck of a thing to realize you can't do anything but play football. I'm capable of other things, but that's the only thing I know now. In college they tried to get me to go to a lot of classes and things, but I kind of lost interest. I couldn't write. Because I didn't have anything to say. You can't be descriptive about nothing."

Greene has prospered. With a friend, he has started a janitorial company. He's appeared in a few quickie films—in one of which, *The Bad Birdy Six*, he picked white motorcycle hoods up over his head and threw them. He seems a bit defensive about his movie career, though he shows up well enough on the screen. This summer he turned down a chance to star in a movie as a washed-up ballplayer. Like most ballplayers he has no taste for the rough give-and-take of business.

"Business is dirty. All of it I've been into—seems like it's unethical. They call it leverage. People are always going under the table trying to outflank you. I try to be straightforward and right."

He has trusted several agents who he feels cheated him. "When you make a lot of money fast, that's when the buzzards are thickest," he says. He is suffering currently over his estrangement from several college friends who had gone on to play pro ball. He had been involved with them in a firm that planned to represent other players and invest in real estate. Greene withdrew from the group. "They thought I deserted them. But we just didn't have the vehicle. We'd have wound up ripping people off, too. I'm not gonna let the snake bite me if I know it's there."

Greene is settling down. "I'm more into practice, and working out," he says. "I didn't used to have the patience for those things. This off-season I did something every day, or every other day, or every chance I got. Jog, play basketball." Steeler Strength Coach Lou Riecke brought him a set of weights in February. "I used to just lift when Lou

or Chuck was looking. When they turned their heads I'd stop. But then some of the guys I used to throw around a little bit, I couldn't anymore. I'd have to spend too much energy doing it. I'm basically lazy."

This season Greene looks different. His upper body is more conventionally muscular, his distinctive spare tire is gone. He has a championship to defend. Does all this mean he will be even better?

"When I dream at night," he says, "I visualize techniques. Some of 'em are just ungodly. It's just cat quickness; run over a guy, hurdle him, jump six feet, put three or four moves on him so he freezes. No flaws in those moves. Perfect push and pull on the guard, jump over the center. Another blocker, slap him aside. Block the ball when the quarterback throws it, catch it and run 99 yards. 'Cause I don't want it to be over quick! The only thing that ever matched the dreams I had was the Super Bowl."

Greene and Art Rooney seemed to enjoy the Super Bowl more than anybody. Rooney, the Chief, was in camp one afternoon this summer, standing beside the practice field. A kid asked him for his autograph. "I'm not one of the players," said the Chief, who is 74. The kid said that was all right. "Where do you come from?" asked the Chief. The kid named a town. The Chief asked, "You know Doctor Weaver there? He had a sign in his office: I'm not a doctor. What I have is a gift from God. But he could do more for your muscles than anybody." The Chief went on about others of his wide range of friends, Tip O'Neill, Sargent Shriver, Mean Joe Greene.

"I knew we were going all the way last year before the playoff game with Oakland when Joe came up to me. He grabbed my hand and said, 'We're gonna get 'em.' That was an emotional moment. I never had a moment like that."

Greene comes over and greets the Chief. They chat for a moment and then Greene moves away, saying, "Enjoy yourself now." It seems an odd thing, but a friendly thing, to say to one's owner.

"That Joe Greene," says the Chief. "He takes you. I've never seen a player lift a team like he does. I just hope he plays out his full years. He's the type of player who wouldn't want to be associated with a team that didn't play all-out."

There was a time when the Chief voiced doubts about Joe Greene. That was when the Steelers had drafted him No. 1 and he was holding out. "Who is he anyway?" the Chief grumbled. "I don't know that he's so good."

A few years later, Art Jr. would gesture at the photographs of old Steeler greats—Ernie Stautner, Whizzer White, Bullet Bill Dudley—covering the walls of his father's office and say, "Someday you'll have to take all these down and throw them away and put up one of Joe Greene."

But he didn't say that when the Chief questioned how good Greene might be. "Joe Greene is as good," is what Art Jr. told his father, "as you can imagine."

And if things stay close enough to being as good as Greene can imagine, pro football may be able to hold on to him—oops, that's the wrong term—may be able to keep him around a while longer. Meanwhile Mean Joe is nervous, and waiting, and doing, one way or another, what he wants to out there.

END



**Enjoy smoking longer
...without smoking more.**

Saratoga 120's.
Rich, full-flavored
cigarettes tailored
longer and slimmer
than 100's. You get
extra smoking time,
extra smoking
pleasure, without
smoking more
cigarettes. Cost no
more than 100's.
Regular or menthol,
crush-proof box.



Saratoga 120's

16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1995

The Class of '88.

Thanks to the
foresight of '75.



Melissa's bright. And so is her future. Because her parents have a goal-oriented savings program set up with the help of their Northern Trust Personal Banking Counselor. It helps them save for short, medium, and long-range goals at the same time.

For immediate needs, they keep a specified amount of ready cash at 5%. When their objective for short-range goals is

reached, they deposit their savings in a 6% account. Withdrawal at maturity of 1 to 2 1/2 years.

And for that important long-range goal—Melissa's college tuition—the rest of their savings are in an account that pays 7 1/2% interest with maturity of 6 to 10 years. Minimum initial deposit of \$1,000.

Melissa and her family are sitting pretty. For the present and the future.

Yours could be, too. Open a goal-oriented savings program today at The Northern Trust Bank, 50 S. LaSalle St. at Monroe; or The Northern Trust Banking Center, 125 S. Wacker at Adams, Chicago 60603. (312) 346-5500. Member F. D. I. C.

Federal regulations require that money withdrawn before maturity earns the regular passbook rate, less three months interest.

The Northern Trust Bank
Bring your future to us.

If buying your own phone equipment is such a good deal, why don't more companies do it?



If you haven't already been approached by someone who wants to sell your company its own phone equipment, you probably will be. In the last few years, many companies have heard the same sales claim. "Save about 10% to 40% on monthly telephone charges by buying your own equipment."

So why haven't more companies done it? Because a lot of them talked to Illinois Bell before they made a decision. And after finding out all of the facts, most of them decided to stay with us.

When you buy phone equipment, you may be locking yourself into a system that won't meet your future needs.

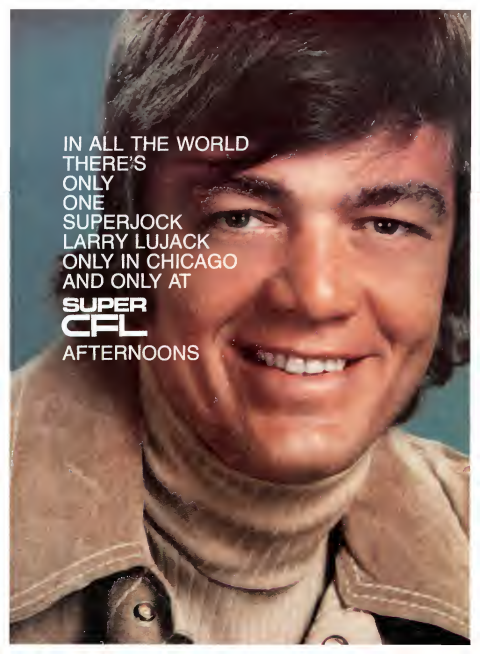
A Bell representative can tell you about some of the hidden costs you might encounter with purchased phone equipment. And prepare a cash flow analysis to show which phone system is really less expensive in the long run.

So, if someone wants to talk to you about buying phone equipment, listen to what he has to say. But before you decide, call Illinois Bell.

When our PBX and Key System proposals are compared with others, more than 8 out of 10 customers choose ours.



Illinois Bell



IN ALL THE WORLD
THERE'S
ONLY
ONE
SUPERJOCK
LARRY LUJACK
ONLY IN CHICAGO
AND ONLY AT

**SUPER
CFL**

AFTERNOONS



...and now it's time for a Cutty.



What's the call?

You're up against the quick, smart Dallas front four. Two minutes to go in the game. You trail 17-16, but have a drive going down to their 44. It's 3rd and 8. A field-goal could win it, but your kicker is erratic from outside the 40.

What's the call? A trap up the middle for better field position? An end sweep? A medium pass? (What if they come with the blitz? They could nail you for a big loss and it's goodbye, field-goal!) Maybe the screen or a short pass would go. Or maybe now's the time to gamble everything... and throw The Bomb!

Only one thing is certain: now's the time to get hold of the Sports Illustrated Pro Football Game, *Paydirt!*—set up the situation—and find out!

You be the quarterback!

To create *Paydirt!* we've scouted all 26 pro teams. We've determined their strengths and weaknesses on offense, defense and special teams. And we've converted all this information into simple-to-use Play/Action Charts that put you right down on the playing field at the Los Angeles Coliseum... at RFK Stadium in Washington... at Three Rivers Stadium in Pittsburgh... up in the "thin air" at Mile High Stadium, Denver... in the Ice Box at Minnesota's Metropolitan Stadium... or in the sun at the Orange Bowl in Miami... all around the league... as quarterback of your favorite pro teams!

These charts are your tickets to action. With them you can call all the shots—on offense and defense—for every pro squad. With them you can feel the crunch of the Minnesota blitz... the power of the Washington ground attack... the thrill of completing the bomb for a game-breaking TD against Miami's great "No Name" defense! You can replay the complete pro season, playoffs, Super Bowl... until your team wins it all!

So don't delay. Get in on the action of *Paydirt!* today. To order, use the coupon at right. (But don't stop there! Order our College Football Game, too... and save \$4.00 in the bargain!)

Enjoy Bowl-Bound!—the SI College Football Game—too!

Here's the only game that lets you share in the excitement of College Football USA... as you quarterback your favorite



college team to the National Championship! Bowl-Bound! plays like *Paydirt!*—demands the same kind of foot-

ball savvy and can quarterback these 32 super teams.

Air Force '70	LSU '69	Northwestern '70	Syracuse '66
Alabama '66	Michigan '63	Notre Dame '65	Tennessee '70
Akron '69	Michigan State '66	Ohio State '68	Texas '69
Army '68	Minnesota '66	Oregon '67	USC '65
Carmichael '70	Mississippi '61	Penn State '69	USC '67
Florida '68	Missouri '63	Princeton '65	Washington '60
Georgia '68	Navy '63	Purdue '66	Wisconsin '62
Georgia Tech '66	Norfolk '70	Stanford '70	Yale '66

Special Offer... Buy Both Games... Save \$4.00!

Paydirt! and the SI College Football Game cost \$9.95 each (plus 95¢ postage & handling)... but you can now buy both games at our Special Offer price of \$17.80. To order, send the coupon below along with your check or money order to: Sports Illustrated Games, Box 619, Radio City Station, New York 10020.

These exciting games are distributed at retail by April House, Inc., of Lenexa, Kansas. Look for the April House display at fine retailers in your area.

COUPON

Sports Illustrated Games

Longwood • One William Eastman, N.Y. 10020

Enclosed please find Sports Illustrated Games:

— ☐ Sports Illustrated Football Game @ \$9.95 (incl. postage & handling)

— ☐ Bowl-Bound! College Football Game @ \$9.95 (incl. postage & handling)

— ☐ SI Football Game plus *PAYDIRT!* and *BOWL-BOUND!* @ \$20.80 (plus 95¢ postage, \$17.80 postpaid)

Mailbox... enclosed

Name

Address

City State Zip

SI682

Would you be a good commodity trader?

Send for this **FREE** **Commodity** **Trader's Scorecard** and practice trading without money.



You don't have to invest a penny. The Chicago Mercantile Exchange wants you to be prepared before you invest your money.

Using the Chicago Mercantile Exchange Scorecard you *practice* trading using actual commodity prices quoted in your daily newspaper.

In addition to your Scorecard you will receive several booklets on basic trading and all the help we can give you.

Try it. Keep score and be honest. In a few months perhaps you'll know how good, or bad, you are. When you're ready, we're ready.

MAIL-IN COUPON



CHICAGO MERCANTILE EXCHANGE

444 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois 60606

Dept. 3649

Gentlemen:

Please send me a free Commodity Trader's Scorecard.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

A FEDERALLY LICENSED CONTRACT MARKET

Stay on top of Football 1975 for only 19¢ a week.

It's Sports Illustrated's football special
—and it's one sweet deal

For just a few pennies a week, we'll hand you all the action in pro and college ball. Every week from here to the Super Bowl.

Sports Illustrated covers the game the way nobody else can. With reams of great color pictures. With you-are-there game stories... predictions... scouting reports... profiles of the great players... surprising football features... the whole ball of pigskin.

And you'll get all the rest of sports, too. The World Series. The new basketball and hockey seasons. Winter sports. The big fights. You name it, you've got it.

You're calling the signals. You tell us how many weeks of Sports Illustrated you'd like for a mere 19¢ an issue. Anything from 30 to 100 weeks. For instance, 35 weeks for just \$6.65.

Mail the order card. Quick. Before Football 1975 gets any older. We promise, you'll get more kicks out of this season than you ever did before.



Sports Illustrated

TIME-LIFE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611.

THIS RATE GOOD IN U.S. ONLY IN CANADA YOU MAY SUBSCRIBE TO 30 WEEKS OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOR \$7



Brut for Men.
If you have
any doubts
about yourself,
try
something else.



After shave, after shave, after anything.
Brut® lotion by Fabergé.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

NO. 1 AND COMPANY

Sir:
Oklahoma's O.K. I agree with your No. 1 rating of the Sooners all the way (*College Football* '75, Sept. 8).

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sir:

Re your Sept. 8 cover, I have found the flaw in Oklahoma football: the cheerleader has a hole in her uniform.

R. E. RHODES JR.

Sumter, S.C.

Sir:

For a football team with a defense that gives its coach an "acute headache," the Missouri Tigers performed a miracle on Monday, Sept. 8 when they upset No. 2 Alabama 20-7 and had Bear Bryant reaching for the aspirin all evening.

RON JACKSON

Franklin, Ohio

Sir:

USC lost its first game last year and still ended up No. 1. Maybe this is a sign that Alabama will win a postseason bowl game.

M. GRADY

Nantucket, Mass.

Sir:

Sooners or later it will be Michigan in '75.

KEVIN P. BENNETT

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sir:

The likes of Penn State, Florida, Texas and Texas A&M finishing higher than Notre Dame? Never.

BILL GORMAN

Chicago

ARCHIE AND FAMILY

Sir:

Add me to the long list of fans who want to see Archie Griffin become the first player to be awarded two Heisman Trophies (*Good Man in the Long Run*, Sept. 8). He is the personification of the amateur athlete's creed: desire, dedication and determination.

TOM SEARSON

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Sir:

I read of the unselfish achievements of James Griffin Sr., "where he established a pushing routine that he still follows, work-

ing 20 hours a day. He maintained a sanitation truck by day, worked in a steel foundry at night and served as a janitor in a high school in the wee hours between." I don't wish to minimize Archie's gridiron feats, but when it comes to the presentation of another Heisman Trophy, I would cast my vote for his father.

C. T. COPPEY

Sanita Monica, Calif.

Sir:

Archie Griffin deserved the Heisman Trophy, but your interesting article did not explain that although he was only the fifth player in football history to win the Heisman as a junior, he had already completed three years of varsity football while Roger Staubach, Vic Janowicz, Doak Walker and Doc Blanchard had completed but two. Archie played varsity ball in his freshman year.

Also, Ed Marinaro rushed for 4,715 yards in three years of varsity play. Archie has already completed three years and is 895 yards short of that total. Griffin is a great football player, but in the interest of fair play these facts ought to be mentioned.

SIDNEY J. RAHNOVITZ

Brooklyn

● At the time of his 1948 Heisman award, SMU's Doak Walker had also played three years of varsity football, beginning as a wartime freshman in 1945.—ED.

IVY OR BIG TEN?

Sir:

Many thanks for the warmhearted look at Ivy League football (*Yesterday Is Not Far Away*, Sept. 8). While your interest in the social conventions associated with the Ivy game is excessive, the basic merit of the game as a quality amateur sport came through nicely. Ivy teams have two things going for them that make them fun to watch: a solid corps of scholar-athletes from all over the country, providing at least strong first-team units; and some of the most innovative and able coaches at the college level. To cite one example, Joe Rencic and his assistants at Harvard produce teams that play highly sophisticated, wide-open football on both sides of the line.

Cynics will insist that the Ivy League is bush. In a way, they are right. Other conferences and teams are better. But the Ivy game is unabashedly (and proudly) amateur, in contrast to the semipro orientation of the "big time." Which is preferable is a person-



The Muhammad Ali Book

by Wilfrid Sheed

A portrait of Ali's entire life in words and photographs

For the first time a complete and probing analysis of the poetic prizefighter's journey. A pictorial biography of Ali, and a gallery of 149 exclusive full page color photographs in a single oversized 9 1/4" x 11" hardcover edition.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company
Sold at all bookstores \$19.95



A Good Save

In fact, the Sports Illustrated Library Cases, pictured above, are the best way to save and protect your copies of Sports Illustrated. They're custom-designed for the magazine. Rugged. Handsome. Hold 26 issues. A perfect way to combat clutter and conserve space. Color: Navy blue with silver Sports Illustrated emblem. Prices: \$4.25 each; 3 for \$12; 6 for \$22. To order, just fill in and mail the coupon below.

To: Jesse Jones Box Corp.
P.O. Box 5120, Dept. 51
Philadelphia, Pa. 19141

Please send me _____ Sports Illustrated Library Cases (Priced \$4.25 each, 3 for \$12, 6 for \$22. My check for money order is enclosed.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow three weeks for delivery.

al judgment. I, for one, would rather watch the NFL for pro football and the Ivies for the college game.

JOHN O. FIELD

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Sir:

Big Ten folks are a little tired of the holler-than-thou Ivy jazz, the constant harping on hoary age and tradition. Just for openers, Cornell was founded in 1865, its first president, Dr. Andrew White, having previously served as a professor of history at the University of Michigan.

Re the simon-pure Ivy recruiting, don't let George Plimpton put you on. The Big Ten certainly has overemphasized football, but the Ivy League regularly takes fine high school players from many areas. The caliber of Ivy gridgers is shown by such pros as Mike Pyle, Ed Marner, Calvin Hill, Dick Jauron, the luckless Pat McNally and, earlier, Chuck Bednarik.

I'd love to see college football back where it was when I was collecting a gimpy knee and no letter at Ann Arbor, when the boys played both ways and the perquisites and recruiting were low-key. Meanwhile, let old Cantab Plimpton remember that a jock usually is a jock anywhere—except perhaps at MIT and the University of Chicago.

WHIT HILLIER

Evaston, Ill.

Sir:

For better or worse, college football is as much a part of the American scene as the ups and downs of Wall Street. A well-rounded education is supposed to be the goal of students at our educational institutions and I believe that being a part of an Ohio State-Michigan week offers something in that direction.

B. GEORGE NEHESEN

Dallas

THE KID

Sir:

As a 39-year-old banker in Philadelphia, I am a long way from the time when I was 16, growing up in Rhode Island and paying my way into Lincoln Downs to bet 52 on Tony DeSpirito, also 16, and a "lock" in the feature. Frank Deford's article on Tony (*The Kid Who Ran into Doors*, Sept. 1) was sheer poetry, as classical as the Kid's riding style. To those of us raised in New England in the '50s, DeSpirito brought the winner we were seeking while our much-loved Red Sox kept stumbling at the gate.

DONALD M. GLEBLIN

Newton Square, Pa.

Sir:

Tony DeSpirito deserved Frank Deford's moving eulogy. You could add dozens to the list of athletes who were cut down by Dame

(continued)

Brut 33 Anti-Perspirant for Men.

You won't have any doubts about yourself.



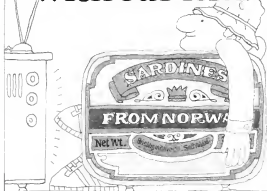
STOPS ODOR
CHECKS WETNESS
with the great smell of BRUT

NET WT. 13 OZ.

MADE USA

Brut 33® — the anti-perspirant spray with the great smell of Brut.®

Watch the game with our fish.



Tiny smoked sardines from Norway. They're just about the best tasting protein a sports fan ever had.

Sardines From Norway



"I set the NFL Rushing Record in Spot-bilt shoes." O.J. Simpson

"Now I work with Spot-bilt to help design their shoes. And I know how good they are. Spots help my game, and they can help yours."

"In '73 when I went for 2,003 rushing yards, I picked my own shoes, and nobody paid me a dime to wear Spot-bilts. My first choice should be yours."



HYDE® Spot-bilt®

HYDE Spot-bilt, 432 Columbus Street, Cambridge, MA 02141
If they're not Hyde or Spot-bilt, they're not Juicemobiles.



15TH HOLE *continued*

Misfortune, but for openness try Tucker Fredrickson, Karl Spooner, Maurice Stokes and Tony Comitato. As John Greenleaf Whittier said in *Maud Muller*, "For of all sad words of tongue or pen/ The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

TONY NATIELLI
LOUIS NATIELLI

Howard Beach, N.Y.

NO BLUE RIBBON

Sir:

This time you have outdone yourselves. I refer to *FACES IN THE CROWD* (Sept. 1), in which you include the remarkable sporting achievement of Ch. Jo-Ni's Red Baron of Crofton winning some dog shows.

First, I believe you owe an apology to all the athletes you pictured for implying that their accomplishments are on a par with a terrier winning 60 doggie blue ribbons, or whatever it is they get.

Second, I have been in many crowds and I have never seen a face which looked anything like that.

Third, if your magazine regards *that* as sport, then it's time we tear down all the golfposts, drain the sand from our punching bags, pave over our golf courses and use our copies of *SI* to paper the bottom of the birdcage. *SI* has gone to the dogs.

DENNIS J. BID

Trenton, N.J.

SUPER MENUS

Sir:

The New Orleans Superdome's restaurants (*SCORECARD*, Sept. 8) can't be that super without such delicacies as:

Oysters on the Halfshell, Charlie Sanders Kentucky-Fried Chicken, Detroit Lionaise Potatoes, Bill Bergeyburgers on Cincinnati Bengals, Mercury Mornemallow Sundries and, the Buffalo Bills' favorite backup dessert, Lemon Marang Pie.

BRUCE M. COHEN

Virginia Beach, Va.

Sir:

I am surprised they didn't include Los Angeles Ram Chops.

JIM WORTHINGTON

San Geronimo, Calif.

Sir:

Forward Pasta, Corn-Tossed Salad, Pizza Gopobik, Delisocatteson, Kansas City Cheese, Super Sundie, Dick Butkustard and Roger Staubecocoh.

What is Hash Mark?

BOB CAUSEN

Hubbard, Ohio

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATION*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

There are still some things Americans know how to do best.

1. One of them is building our phone system. The people of Western Electric and Bell Labs have developed ways to put even more phone conversations on the microwave network — three times more in the last decade — to meet the growing needs of a growing nation.

2. To prepare for those needs, people like Western Electric engineer Chris Zitny and Bell Labs engineer Robert Jackson have helped create electronic switching systems that can route over 350,000 phone calls an hour.

3. At the same time, Bell System people are working on innovative ideas like magnetic bubble "memories" that will help route your call by storing millions of bits of information in space no larger than a business card.

4. Our planning for the future may someday result in your call being carried on a laser beam through a thin thread of glass.

Making a phone call may be a small thing to you. But to us it's a big job.

It takes a delicately balanced network of some million million parts for you to reach the one phone you want out of 140 million.

Working with Bell Labs and your phone company, we at Western Electric help make sure that all the parts work together with just one goal in mind:

Making your phone system the best system in the world.


Western Electric

We're part of the Bell System.
We make things that bring people closer.



**Considering
all I'd heard,
I decided to
either quit
or smoke True.
I smoke True.**



**The low tar, low nicotine cigarette.
Think about it.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine. 100's Menthol: 13 mg.
"tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '76.